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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE three-Power Naval Conference in Geneva so nearly drifted to an abrupt and ill-tempered end a week ago that the delegates took fright and are now busy discussing new British proposals designed to satisfy the American demand for large cruisers and the prestige that goes with them. Questions connected with the life, the tonnage and the armaments of vessels of war are so technical that the political representatives in Geneva have been thrust into the background. It is this fact that is the principal cause of the present crisis, for the problems with which the Conference has to deal, and to which we refer in greater detail elsewhere, are, above all, problems of finance. On these problems the naval officer is not well qualified to speak and even in debates on the relative value of different categories of shipping the technical experts of Great Britain and the United States are hopelessly at variance. The time has come to allow public opinion, through its political representatives, to make its views heard.

Another crime was added to the long list of political assassinations in Ireland when last Sunday Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President of the Irish Free State and Minister of Justice and External Affairs, was murdered on his way to Mass. Mr. O'Higgins was the "strong man" of the Government, and was held in particular hatred by the Republicans on account of the rigorous and successful measures he adopted to break up the gunmen. Horror of this cowardly and senseless crime has not unnaturally led many to protest that here is further proof that the Irish are not fit for self-government; but it is far too early to start saying that. They have a long way to go yet: the old habit of being "agin the Government" persists. An event such as this murder should shock them into some realization of the ruin that awaits them if they persist in their irresponsibility. In that way it may do good: it is best to hope so, for the alternative is too tragic to envisage. The Free State's loss in Mr. O'Higgins is great; fortunately for her, Mr. Cosgrave is not the kind of man to allow himself to be intimidated.

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The cordial messages which have passed between the King and the President of the Argentine Republic on the occasion of the appointment of Sir Malcolm Robertson as first British Ambassador to Argentina may lead to important developments of British influence in South America. The interference of the United States in the affairs of Nicaragua and Mexico has had quite as much effect on the other Latin American States as we had anticipated, and if British business men will follow up the initiative taken in promoting the British Legation in Buenos Ayres to the rank of Embassy, they will find new markets eager to buy British goods. There are ample indications that Brazil is beginning to regret her hot-headed action in leaving the League of Nations last year, and if, as is probable, next September Argentina steps into the place in Geneva left vacant by Brazil, we may find the whole of Latin America depending more on the products of Great Britain and Germany than on those of the United States.

At last week's Conference of the National Union of Railwaymen Mr. Thomas spoke plainly and very much to the point about Bolshevik interference in the affairs of British Trade Unions. Expressing disapproval of the Government's step in breaking off relations with Russia, on the ground (which is not in fact tenable, for the severance of relations had no such object or effect) that it is a mistake to attempt to interfere with the internal political affairs of a foreign country, he pertinently applied the same argument to the Russians themselves, and warned them of the folly and futility of attempting to influence either the political or the industrial affairs of Britain. It is well that a spokesman of Labour should speak out strongly on this point; hitherto there has been a reticence on the part of the Party in this matter which has lent unwarrantable colour to the suggestion that its leaders countenance revolution, and warrantable colour to the complaint that they have been afraid of their extremists. The efforts of the Bolsheviks in this country are well known. What do they hope to gain? Revolution cannot be imposed from without; it can only spring from within, as the direct outcome of irrepressible forces of discontent. This country is anti-revolutionary in temperament, but if ever it should become revolutionary it will become so through conviction, not conversion. If revolution comes it will be an English revolution, not a Russian revolution. Moscow would save herself a lot of trouble and us some annoyance if she would grasp this simple truth.

The French Electoral Reform Bill, introduced by a Government the leader of which is avowedly one of the Bill's opponents, has become law, and the parties of the Left are jubilantly confident that, in consequence, they will sweep the boards at next year's general elections. Twelve months ago M. Poincaré was looked upon as the saviour of his country. Now he is able to remain in office until the autumn only by refraining from protest while some of his own Ministers support

a measure which destroys his hopes for the formation of a Centre Party, may lead to the resignation of two or three Ministers of the extreme Right, and almost certainly destroys his own chances of remaining in office after the elections. French politics are full of surprises and the *Cartel des Gauches*, which will now be resuscitated, is in urgent need of a leader; but nothing about the Electoral Reform Bill affair is more astonishing than the suggestions from the Left that M. Poincaré should abandon his ideas of a *Bloc National* in order to lead the *Cartel des Gauches* against his own followers of the Right Centre.

A good deal of prominence has been given to the case at the Session Court at Edinburgh in which Mr. John Wheatley, Minister of Health in the late Government, sued his political opponent in Glasgow, Mr. J. M. Reid Miller, and another party, for libel. Mr. Wheatley claimed £3,000 damages from each of the defendants, but lost his case. We imagine most people will endorse the jury's verdict. The issues involved were not important and are quite unlikely, as was suggested for the plaintiff at the trial, to affect his political future. Mr. Wheatley, in consequence of things that were being said about him by opponents at election time, issued a challenge, and the challenge was taken up in the letter of which he has now complained. The whole thing is very much what occurs at many, at most, elections where rivalry is keen and political feeling runs high, and it would be a mistake to over-estimate its importance. Hard hitting, as the judge remarked, was indulged in on both sides: it was necessary to read the reply in the light of the challenge, and "people who invited by public challenge, inquiry or reply in regard to public matters must not be too thin skinned." But the trial has left unexplained a question that was mentioned during it and is puzzling a good many people, and that is how Mr. Wheatley came suddenly to comparative wealth.

For ten days or so London has entertained participants in a gathering called "The International Conference of the Press." These delegates have received hospitality which was little short of overwhelming and we are glad to think that they will have taken away with them the pleasantest recollection of their visit here. At the same time, we cannot help wondering whom and what they represent. We understand that no British or United States journalist took part in the actual discussions, and the British Vice-President of the International Union of Press Organizations, which convened the Conference, is by profession an engineer. Very few of the foreign delegates could honestly be called working journalists, and the only item they debated at any length appears to have been that of the Union's finances. We should be interested to learn on what grounds the Conference chose for itself so impressive and important a name, what decisions it reached, and how they are to be implemented.

In his speech to the Architecture Club Mr. Squire justly complained that probably nine out of every ten houses built nowadays are erected without any planning by an architect. A tour of any of the newer suburbs or of recently-developed country districts will convince the least critical that Mr. Squire is right. The reason given is that the cost of employing an architect would result in any builder who indulged in the luxury being undercut in price by less conscientious competitors, and the difficulty is to discover a means whereby this handicap can be overcome. It has been suggested that books of suitable plans should be published and builders be free to adopt any one of them on payment of a royalty, but this surely places too lofty a reliance on the æsthetic probity of builders, most of whom care for lucre rather than looks. Probably the only way to ensure that a certain minimum of decency in design is adhered to is to regulate all building by law; to place it in every district under the control of a local authority with powers to compel the submission of all plans to a competent architect and town planner for artistic as well as purely utilitarian approval. That seems to be the only effective way of preventing ugly and indiscriminate building, and if the countryside is to be saved it will have to be done.

A perceptible lessening of London's traffic chaos has been apparent since a central controlling authority was appointed: one-way streets and the merry-go-round principle must be accounted a success. But the improvement is strictly relative; an overground journey in London remains an exasperating adventure. The traffic in Bond Street at any time, and particularly (for some obscure reason) at the luncheon hour, is more often stationary than in motion (in particular there seems to be inadequate control of vehicles emerging into Bond Street from side roads), and the cynic who said that he only took a taxi when he had plenty of time to spare—otherwise he walked—is here literally justified. Walking, however, grows daily more perilous. The figures given by the Home Secretary in the Commons on Tuesday of traffic accidents in the Metropolitan Police district for the first five months of this year must shock the most intrepid. In this period 383 persons were killed and 17,694 persons injured; accidents involving "damage to property only" amounted to 24,455. This is the price London pays for that improvement in the speed and security of communications which we are asked to believe is one of the chief of the many blessings the twentieth century has showered upon us.

The contents of Joanna Southcott's Box, which was opened at Church House, Westminster, on Monday and found to hold an eighteenth century novelette, entitled 'The Surprise of Love, or an Adventure in Greenwich Park,' a horse pistol, a dice box, a lottery ticket and other unecclesiastical trifles, leads us to doubt the intentions of its original owner. Inspired she may have been, but hardly by Providence. Perhaps by a sense of humour? Was she a perverted practical joker, who founded a religion on a hoax? The

pathetic fact is that those who were deceived refuse now to be undeceived; already they are saying that this is the wrong box, that the right one is being kept in hiding and will be revealed at the appointed time. If the human imagination wants to believe a thing badly enough it will do so, however shattering the evidence to the contrary may be. It is easy to convince people by a lie; it is less easy to shake their conviction by subsequent confession. There are people who still believe, and will go to their graves believing, that Lord Kitchener is alive and in hiding. There are people who still believe Gustave Hamel was a German spy. There may even be a fanatic lurking somewhere in Kensit twilight who believes that Titus Oates shared George Washington's passion for the truth and that the Popish Plot was a reality.

A week or two ago we commented hopefully on the formation of a Coalition Cabinet in Rumania to insure freedom of voting throughout the country at the general elections. The idea of free elections apparently so astonished Bucarest that the Coalition Cabinet was unable to live even for a month, and M. Ion Bratianu, the leader of the Liberal Party, was called upon to form a new Ministry to see the elections through. This he did with such success that his followers, who had only fifteen seats in the last Parliament, now have over three hundred. At earlier elections Opposition nomination papers have been refused because they were not filled up with ink of a certain colour or because the candidate had failed at the last moment to produce certificates of good behaviour. We do not know whether M. Bratianu adopted these tactics in the present instance, but we do know that a free vote would never have given the unpopular Liberal Party anything like its new majority and that a country whose political methods are so corrupt is not deserving of foreign confidence or respect, even though its Foreign Office be under the control of so able a man as M. Titulescu, the former Rumanian Minister in London.

At a recent banquet in London the waiters began badgering the guests for tips (or should we say "gratuities"?) and the Chairman, Lord Burnham, had to request his guests not to take any notice. This is, we believe, a new development of an old evil, and it raises afresh the whole question of tipping. We do not set much store by the argument advanced against tipping by the tipped—namely, that it is degrading to their self-respect. It is often, however, a nuisance and an embarrassment to the tipper, and there seems little reason except that of *laissez-faire* why the system should be allowed to continue. Wherever we have met it on the Continent the system of adding ten per cent. "for service" to the hotel or restaurant bill has worked perfectly well, and its introduction into this country would relieve not only visitors from abroad, but Englishmen too, of a vast amount of petty annoyance and difficulty. If some enterprising *hotelier* will begin, we predict that he will be well rewarded, and that others will quickly follow suit. What has Sir Francis Towle to say?

THE NEXT COAL CRISIS

THE debate on the coal-mining industry, which took place on Tuesday, revealed great cause for uneasiness. The industry is not recovering rapidly from the stoppage of last year. The condition of the miners is bad; in most districts they are working longer hours, producing more coal for less wages, and, in addition, there is much unemployment among them. Their discontent, so far from being allayed, is hardening into settled sullenness. On the other hand, the price of coal has fallen, and the owners are not doing at all well. What the Government should do to improve matters, or whether it can do anything useful, is far from clear. There are still a few who hold that the chief thing that ails the industry is too much politics and too much interference by the State. Among them is Mr. Austin Hopkinson. He has no remedy to suggest, except that the Government should leave the owners to manage their own businesses, and he regards the talk about the new crisis that is approaching as a mere "stunt," worked up for political ends by a conspiracy between ambitious Liberals and enterprising journalists.

Most of us would be profoundly glad to think that he is right, but the majority of Conservatives are not at all comfortable in their minds, and, while they do not believe in any panacea, would have welcomed a clear lead from their Government to their thought. Unfortunately, they got none. Colonel Lane Fox is a conscientious man who is personally popular even with his Labour critics, but he is doubtfully competent for the responsibilities of his office; he never has given a lead to thought, and never will. Mr. Baldwin listened attentively to much of the debate, but although the occasion seemed to call for one of his philosophical essays he was silent. On the Labour side there is active discontent; on the Liberal there is activity and an evident desire to profit politically by the causes of unrest; and on the Conservative side there is blankness and nullity.

The coal industry is not the only one that is depressed, but there are certain marked differences that make it look particularly bad. In other industries the causes may reasonably be held to be temporary; in the coal trade they may be permanent. Coal has no longer the monopoly as a source of power, but has new and increasingly dangerous rivals, which have checked the natural expansion of demand. Again, while no one maintains that the cotton trade, which, like most of the staple export trades, is doing badly, is incompetently managed, this charge is very generally brought against the coal trade, and the belief in its truth is almost universal among miners. They have long held that the only cure is nationalization. Their faith in that view is apparently unshakable, and a trade which was once so strongly individualist in its political ideas is now the chief bulwark of Socialist doctrine among the industrial classes. But nationalization as preached by the leaders of the miners is only another form of Protection. "Here" (the argument runs) "is a key industry necessary to our existence as a great industrial nation. The miners are hard-working, deserving men, but owing to conditions over which they have no control they are unable

to obtain a wage that satisfies their needs, and they feel their standard of civilization going down in consequence. Therefore, the duty of the State is to step in, and somehow supply the gap between wages that the industry can afford to pay at present and what is a reasonable wage for work that is hard and dangerous to the individual and necessary to the State."

That is not materially different from the argument of those who defended the old Corn Laws. Agriculture was (they said) necessary to the State, and therefore the State must protect those engaged in it from the too harsh operation of economic laws. That in the one case the remedy was a tariff against the foreigner, whereas in the coal industry there is no competition in the home market, but only abroad, is a mere accident. In both cases the remedy is to keep up prices, and the nationalization of coal means that in hard times the State must bear the loss; that is to say, other industries must pay the difference either in the form of higher prices or higher taxation. That is still Protection, although it is Protection not against the foreigner but against the home consumer; for it is the essence of Protection that it seeks artificially to keep up prices.

Now at present the coal-owners are against the miners in this demand, and ask for nothing but to be let alone. It might, however, not always be so. Sir Samuel Roberts believes that the industry can pull through its troubles; but even he seems to feel that this is its last chance, and that if this fails great changes may well have to be made. It is conceivable that if the depression continues long enough the owners might themselves be converted to some form of nationalization, and in that case the parallel between the new Coal Laws and the old Corn Laws would be complete. There are at present 200,000 unemployed miners. Even among those who are in work there is an excess of perhaps 150,000 men over and above those who are capable, by working more shifts, of producing all the coal that is required. Imagine what that would mean under any form of nationalization.

The state of the coal trade, then, is a problem that is much wider than that of a single industry, and is capable of bringing about a complete industrial revolution. *Laissez-faire* is no remedy, for the first effect of a very great reduction of the Conservative majority would be to put nationalization of the mines in the front rank of political issues. The Conservative Party is therefore running great risks in its present negative and inactive policy in regard to the coal trade. Its conditions may improve, but on the other hand they may not. If there are reforms midway between expropriation and the present state, there is much to be said for the view that now is the time when these experiments should be tried. Many Conservatives hold that there is no middle course. Sir Samuel Roberts, for example, denies that amalgamations would produce the benefits expected, or that selling agencies would be of any service unless they were all-embracing. "There is no halfway-house," he said, "between the law of supply and demand, trying to get back our markets, to give cheap coal to the industries of the country, and to give them a chance." "If that failed," he continued, "I would expropriate on fair terms the present owners and let some big syndicate take up the work." Those are remark-

able views, coming from a Conservative and a strong individualist, for they mean that this is the last chance for the industry, and that if it fails, the only alternative is some form of socialization of the whole trade. Perhaps Sir Samuel is right, but many minds, with this prospect of so vast a Socialist experiment, are profoundly nervous about the policy of waiting until events work themselves out, and doing nothing to influence them in the desired direction. There may be no new "crisis" in the coal trade now, but the chronic may pass at any time into the acute stage.

We would certainly like a clearer indication than Colonel Lane-Fox can give of how the Conservative Government stands in regard to issues so grave as these. The Liberals believe that there is a middle course, and that by a vigorous policy of reform now we might prevent the breakdown of the individualist system, and so put off indefinitely the great Socialist experiment which many Conservatives see at the end of failure along present lines. What is the real attitude of the Government towards the reforms advocated by the Samuel Commission? Do they hold them to be useless and impracticable? Do they agree with men like Sir Samuel Roberts that there is no alternative between leaving the industry to work out its whole salvation and a big scheme of expropriation? That is an intelligible view and it would explain the inactivity of their present policy. But matters of such grave importance cannot be left merely to be inferred.

SHIPS AND COMMON SENSE

"IT is unthinkable to us," said Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking in the debate on foreign affairs in the House of Commons on Monday last, "that we should enter into competition with the United States of America in a new race of armaments," and politicians of all parties and on both sides of the Atlantic have been warmly denying the possibility of an Anglo-American war. There should be nothing surprising in this, for it is permissible to assume that there are limits to human folly, and a struggle between the two great English-speaking countries of the world would show that these limits did not, in fact, exist. What, then, has all the argument in Geneva been about? It is still too early to say whether the three-Power Naval Conference will end in success or failure, but in the past week it has been so near collapse that some examination of its methods is called for.

The truth is that, whatever the common-sense view would seem to be, we are on the point of entering into that competition with the United States which Sir Austen Chamberlain declared to be "unthinkable." On the one hand, the United States demands parity with us in order that her prestige may not suffer, and, on the other, we demand that the United States, if she wants parity, should build up to a tonnage level which is out of all proportion not only to her possible requirements, but even to those of Great Britain. The suggestion that the

Admiralty is demanding a greater cruiser tonnage than this country needs is perhaps a bold one, but we believe that it can be proved without difficulty and, indeed, would have been proved had Parliament been given any opportunity, before Mr. Bridgeman and his colleagues left for Geneva, of stating its opinions as to the naval requirements of this country.

Before 1914 the British Government made more than one loyal effort to conclude a "naval holiday" with Germany, and the failure of these efforts led to suspicion and a ruinous naval competition. During the war Germany was able to harass our merchant shipping in a way which convinced every naval expert that a strong rival could starve us unless we had plenty of small cruisers to protect our lines of communication. Therefore Mr. Bridgeman in Geneva is insistent upon our need for cruisers of 7,500 tons and under. This need is a real one, although not so real as he suggests, since our cruiser tonnage, on the completion of our present programme, will be greater than that of the United States and Japan put together, and at least three times as great as that of France. If we rule out the United States as a possible enemy, there is no navy whose relative strength to-day could possibly be compared with that of Germany before the war, and there is, therefore, no possible reason why we should demand such a preponderating tonnage for cruisers. But evidently we do not rule out the United States as a possible enemy. Mr. Hugh Gibson declares that Washington, for reasons best known to itself, wants to build cruisers of 10,000 tons instead of 7,500. If we did not look upon the United States as our potential enemy, it would clearly be nonsense for us to declare that we, too, shall have to build these heavy cruisers—as well as the lighter ones which we really need—and, therefore, must demand a total cruiser tonnage of almost 600,000 tons.

On the other hand, the United States equally clearly regards Great Britain as a possible foe, for the 5.5.3. ratio will leave Japan innocuous. In demanding parity with us the Americans are really demanding preponderance in their favour, since they have no far-flung Empire to protect, and ships which to us are necessities would be to them expensive luxuries. While the First Lord of the Admiralty must be constantly preoccupied with the necessity for maintaining communications with the Dominions, the American Secretary for the Navy can devote his attention to the construction of more heavy cruisers than any other country in the world will possess. If Great Britain is now strong enough to be able to resist all comers, the United States, when she has built up to the British level, will be in an even more impregnable position, since her cruisers will be able to concentrate on attack, whereas ours must inevitably be reserved mainly for purposes of defence. It is possible that the rather bellicose manner in which certain members of the British Delegation criticized American and Japanese proposals after the first plenary session of the Conference is partly responsible for the suspicions which fill the minds of our American friends, but there can be no justification based upon common sense for

this American insistence on tonnage parity with Great Britain.

The spectacle of the squabbles in Geneva between the delegates of three countries whose every interest should urge them to agree has not been a very edifying one. We have often, and with reason, criticized the French for their insistence upon the military safeguards of the Versailles Treaty and upon the maintenance of an unnecessarily large army. But France, with her diminishing population, has the growing and energetic populations of Germany and Italy just across her frontiers. We in Great Britain have no naval Power to fear whose strength could possibly rival ours, unless we were to allow the present discussions in Geneva to end with a complete breakdown.

The problem is above all a financial one. We want to know how much money we can save without prejudicing our security. There is a very real danger that, if negotiations are left entirely to the Admiralty, their proposals for saving will be so insignificant that they will in fact endanger our national safety. Our one possible rival on the seas is the United States, and if the United States becomes suspicious of our good faith, our naval security will disappear and not the most hectic building of cruisers will restore it to us. A schoolboy may be forgiven for being jealous because his neighbour has more or larger marbles than he, but the taxpayer of to-day, who might have to become the soldier or sailor of to-morrow, has the right to expect his representatives in Geneva to avoid all childish rivalries in discussions which should involve the saving of millions of pounds and should actually increase that feeling of security upon which further economies in the future must depend.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

A DULL week has followed an eventful one. Debates which might have involved the split of a Party or the fall of a Government have been succeeded by debates almost wholly academic. The Foreign Office, the Mines Department, the Ministry of Pensions and the Home Office have been successively under review, but the various opportunities thus afforded have produced nothing either important or new.

* *

On Monday it was announced that disarmament was to furnish the subject of debate. In view of the discussions then proceeding at Geneva, the theme seemed appropriate, but the debate, which looked like petering out at dinner time, and eventually maundered on until eleven, was not one which will be remembered in the history of this important topic. The Labour Party brought forward a vague and rambling resolution accusing the Government of various ill-defined misdemeanours, and urging them never to do it again. Mr. Ponsonby was their principal spokesman. Sir Austen Chamberlain's description of his speech as reminiscent of a Victorian lady who had made up her mind to enjoy a good cry, was as neat and as accurate as a simile can be. Mr. Ponsonby's desire for peace and disarmament are so sincere that when he deals with these subjects he is deserted by sense of propor-

tion or humour. Worse than this, he is possessed by spirits of distrust and suspicion, and sees himself living in a world of dark plots and menacing conspiracies, which exist only in his own imagination. One who has seen diplomacy from the inside ought to know better, and one who wishes to promote a franker understanding between the nations ought to have more confidence in the frankness of his own Government, and one who pays lip-service to the League of Nations ought not persistently to belittle its achievements.

* *

Sir Austen Chamberlain provided a bracing and healthy antidote to this doleful jeremiad, and incidentally disposed of the thick clouds of rumour which the mischief-mongers, the pacifist enemies of peace, have endeavoured to manufacture out of his interview and that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with Signor Mussolini. He also emphatically and categorically denied the suggestion which has been put forward in certain quarters that it is any part of the policy of Great Britain to form an anti-Russian bloc among the nations of Europe.

* *

Commander Kenworthy and Captain Garro-Jones were both severe in their criticisms of the inefficacy of the League of Nations, and the latter put forward as a practical contribution to the cause of disarmament the suggestion that all forms of air warfare should be abolished. Mr. Mosley delivered an attack upon a broad front against the foreign policy of the Government. It was the best speech he has made in the present Parliament, and it was delivered with his usual fluency and confidence. He has a trenchant method of dealing with interruptions which effectually silences them, but does not add to his popularity, and his speeches are marred by extravagances, such as his comparison of Sir Austen with his shining monocle to the Kaiser in his shining armour, which are impudent without being amusing.

Mr. Boothby, who followed, showed himself the better orator and sounder debater of the two, and showed also that it is possible for the private secretary of a Cabinet Minister to remain the critic of his masters and the captain of his soul. He did not conceal his disapproval of the breach with Russia, he urged that no importance need be attached to the utterances of the Home Secretary on the subject, he noted a commendable improvement in the tone adopted by Lord Birkenhead and he looked forward to the day when this important question of foreign policy should no longer be obscured by party controversy.

* *

On Tuesday the House wearily returned to the old, sad subject of the mines. Mr. Varley, who is one of the best and most sensible speakers in the ranks of the Opposition, opened the discussion and presented as gloomy a picture of the state of the mine fields as Mr. Ponsonby had drawn of the condition of Europe. Nor were subsequent speakers from Government benches very successful in their endeavours to pierce the clouds of pessimism with an occasional ray of sunshine. Mr. Austin Hopkinson, in the unusual rôle of the bearer of good tidings, was unconvincing, but did better in the more congenial attitude of the denouncer of sin. He has discovered a plot, and a very wicked one, woven by Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel, with the assistance of the Lords of the Press. Other people had supposed that Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Herbert had drifted somewhat apart of recent years, but Mr. Hopkinson knows differently and is convinced that they have been secretly united in their evil machinations ever since the days when they dabbled together in Marconi shares. Other people believed that the report of the Coal Commission

was a pretty fair statement of the problem and a pretty honest endeavour to find a solution, but Mr. Hopkinson knows that it was little better than a pamphlet of Liberal propaganda, a sort of sequel to "Coal and Power." The object of the present plot is to persuade the Government to interfere with the coal industry on the assumption, which Mr. Hopkinson shares with the conspirators, that whatever is done is bound to be foolish and will entail the fall, if not of the Cabinet at least of the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George audaciously commented upon the absence of the Minister of Mines, who, having been present throughout the debate, had retired for a few minutes to get some dinner. Mr. Lloyd George accused him of a base Parliamentary manoeuvre in intending to wind up the debate. The Labour Party, with whom in spite of his office he remains popular, disclaimed participation in any such charge, and Mr. Lloyd George, who made no other contribution to the debate, retired discomfited.

FIRST CITIZEN

M. POINCARE'S FUTURE

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

Paris, July 12

THE discussion of the Electoral Reform Bill in the Chamber has been, to say the least of it, unedifying. The Radicals, that is to say, the majority, have long realized that the combination of two circumstances, viz., Vote by Proportional Representation and the presence of M. Poincaré in office, meant their destruction at the General Election of 1928, and they are acting accordingly. The first act which we are now witnessing is the return to the Vote by Constituencies; the next will be the ejection of M. Poincaré.

The chief champions of the Vote by Proportional Representation before the war were M. Briand and M. Jaurès. Nobody could accuse the Reform of being engineered by the Right. However, the Right supported it. Conservative deputies are not more intelligent than their opponents; they are not any braver, but nobody can deny that they are cleaner. Whenever there has been a scandal in the French Chambers the scandal has been on the other side of the Assembly. As Proportional Representation promised to make an end of the corruption inherent in the older electoral system—which M. Briand called the "stinking pools"—they supported it.

Why have the followers of M. Jaurès and M. Briand changed their opinion? M. Briand gave the answer a few years ago in terms as graphic as his terrible metaphor had been. "The best electoral system," he said, "is that which will return a Republican [i.e., Radical] majority." In the recent debate on the Reform we have heard nothing except variations on this statement. There are no longer any questions of justice, any allusions to the rights of minorities. The whole thing is shamelessly a matter of expediency. The ballot taken last Saturday on the inclusion of foreigners in the electoral statistics showed this in a glaring light. The new electoral divisions are supposed to consist of forty thousand inhabitants. There have already been several derogations from this principle admitted in order to suit Radical conveniences, but the point was stretched on Saturday to an unexpected degree. It seemed obvious that the forty thousand people mentioned must be French citizens, if not French electors. But with the enormous influx of foreign labour which we have seen in the past nine years, a deduction of aliens would have also meant a reduction of the number of deputies. The Right were willing to submit to this consequence, but the Left were not; so Russian Jews and motley Orientals or

Africans will be counted as French for electoral purposes.

What are the results to be? The Radicals have no rivals in matters concerning their re-election. Their calculations have been careful and exhaustive. There is little doubt that their previsions will be verified in May. The majority in the next Chamber will consist of at least four hundred and fifty members of the Left, as against two hundred Moderates. It is not impossible even now to foresee what will be the composition of the majority. The refusal of the Radical leader, M. Sarraut, to accept M. Tardieu's invitation to form a Middle Party against the Bolsheviks leaves no doubt that the Extremists will gain. It would not be surprising if the number of Communists rose from twenty-nine to sixty. I know of a little township in which forty people (as against seven in the last election) will vote Communist in the hope of securing practical advantages and without giving a thought to Moscow. Yet, this will be no loss to the hundred or so Socialists, because at least thirty Radicals have consistently voted with the Socialists during the present legislature and will have no qualms in modifying their ticket.

What about the Radicals proper? One particular point will go against them and keep some of them awake at night. A few months ago, when the Deputies' salary was raised by the Deputies themselves from twenty-seven to forty-five thousand francs, many Radicals apologized to the country by taking a solemn promise to reduce the total number of Deputies. Now this number is increased by thirty in the Bill under discussion, and there is no doubt that the contradiction will be emphasized by the Moderates during the campaign. But the Radical Press is busy showing even now that this contradiction has been made necessary by "republican discipline" and the electors will be as anxious as the elect themselves to find arguments in favour of "voting as usual." So, if the Radicals lose it will be but little, and a Left majority with redder tendencies than the last Chamber showed is more than likely.

"Is no account to be taken," you ask, "of M. Poincaré's enormous influence?" M. Poincaré will be overthrown—he knows it better than anybody—several months before the election, and his spectre will disturb no one in May, for six months after a change of Cabinet who remembers the fallen Prime Minister?

"But the franc," you insist, "is it not a certainty that the return of the Radicals to office will mean another flight of the franc?" You forget that the last months of a legislature have never seen the appearance of new financial measures, except in 1924, in the case of M. Poincaré, who lost the election for raising the taxes six weeks before appearing before the constituencies. The Radicals will devote the first half year of their regained power to their future majority. When they return to the new Chamber, in June, 1928, the recess will be imminent. So, nothing can be done by way of financial legislation till 1929. At that time the enormous reserve of one billion dollars and three billion francs, accumulated by M. Poincaré, will still be virtually intact, and can last, experts say, a whole year and perhaps two years. Can you expect a Party to resist such possibilities, especially knowing that, in case of an emergency, not only M. Poincaré, or M. Tardieu, but M. Sarraut, or even M. Caillaux are Conservative enough to restore confidence?

What we are now witnessing and what we shall witness during the next two or three years is pure and simple politics, as malodorous and as ineffectual as the "stinking pools" themselves. In the meantime Paris is still 32,000 houses behind its building programme, the suburban settlements are a shock to every foreign visitor, the private manufacture of alcohol is as unrestrained as ever, and the death toll of babies and tubercular cases is higher in France than anywhere else.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

BY MARY TREVELYAN

IT is fortunate that one of the most marked developments in the last few years has been an understanding and enjoyment of country things. It is because of the new outlook and of the increasing facilities for travel which bring the country so much closer to the town that the need is urgent to keep unspoilt what has become one of the greatest assets of this tiny island. The energy with which country women are taking up such questions as affect the villages and rural districts is a sign of the trend of public opinion. From Berwick to Land's End, from Anglesey to Dover, the members of Women's Institutes are studying how best to make village life attractive and profitable, how to preserve and enhance the amenities of the countryside. In 3,866 villages or small country towns the Institutes form centres whence radiates work that becomes yearly more valuable.

The methods of rural improvement undertaken by village women have been various. Here one Institute has installed a receptacle for waste paper in a place where tourists were wont to fling their sandwich wrappings: here two have joined together to induce the Parish Council to appoint a scavenger for their villages. Here is one that has collected the old place-names of the district, and made a map showing footpaths and rights of way. Here groups of Institutes have each chosen a special flower to predominate in the village gardens: one is a lupin village, another may grow many varieties of rose or pansy, or valerian or phlox. Several openings suggest themselves where Women's Institutes could do further valuable work for the community. To deal with the menace of increasing advertisements would be a boon to the whole country, for many a fair prospect has been spoilt by the intrusion of a glaring command to Take Tiplady's Tablets for Typhoid, or some equally commendable concoction. A body as powerful as the Women's Institute Federation, which already counts close upon a quarter of a million members, can bring pressure to bear upon the County Councils if they are not making full use of the powers given them by the Act for the Regulating of Advertisements. Over twenty counties have already adopted the by-laws under that Act, which give them the right to prohibit the erection of any hoarding or advertisement that mars the view or destroys the amenities of the district.

But many counties remain unprotected against the catastrophic erection of hoardings and posters which, by their conspicuous positions, contrive to obliterate the choicest views and the prospects most beloved by all who understand and appreciate fine scenery. There should be no attempt to discourage legitimate and seemly advertising, which is of the essence of modern enterprise: but it should not be allowed in places where it will detract from the beauties of the countryside. If strong enough pressure is brought by rural women to bear upon the County Councils, they cannot long stand out against the adoption of the by-laws.

Another way in which village women can help to keep the countryside beautiful is by devising some means of clearing away household refuse. However tidy a housewife may be, there are certain things which she must always find it difficult to dispose of, such as empty tins, a worn-out pail, old saucepans, or broken crocks. These lie in some half-hidden corner of a village or farmstead, a home for rats, a source of infection, and an offence to the aesthetic sense of the inhabitants. It is no easy thing to ensure the complete disappearance of such objects, and the country will owe a debt of gratitude to anyone who is able to devise some method which can be adopted by every village faced with this difficulty.

It is only latterly that women have come to realize in what way they can affect the working of local government. It is no easy thing to move a stolid Rural District or Parish Council, a thing beyond the capacity of one woman alone. Nor is it easy for a single drop of water to wear down the living rock or carve a channel through solid earth. Add but one drop of water to another, till the gigantic force of Niagara is reached—bind one stone upon another till the Great Wall of China is built up: unite the country women of England and Wales into one company, and what is there they dare not attempt? Not upon the material side alone has the Institute movement done much to make country life more interesting and valuable. Music and acting, dancing and handicrafts, play a great part in the activities of the Institutes. Dramatic societies and choral competitions, folk dancing and charades, exhibitions of handwork of all types, lend a new zest to existence. Talents unsuspected are brought to light, new interests are aroused, capabilities are brought into play which have lain dormant until the opportunity presented itself. The Women's Institute movement, with its large and rapidly increasing membership, can do much to counteract the tendency of country folk to gravitate towards the towns, which already contain far more than their due proportion of the population.

BUSINESS ENGLISH

BY T. B. LAWRENCE

[The author of this article is well known in the Advertising world and is President of the Thirty Club—a Club for what may be not inaccurately described as "high-brow" advertising men. The fact that he is himself a business man adds piquancy to his remarks.—Ed. S.R.]

THE boy and girl destined for a business life leave school at fourteen to eighteen years of age, most at fourteen to sixteen. They have some smattering of their mother-tongue, even in these days of universal half-education, to borrow Mr. Squire's phrase. At all events they leave school with nothing of English to unlearn, if something to learn. They enter a "commercial college" or take a "correspondence course" from one of the institutions providing such courses. And then the damage begins. They are taught "business English," and from then on, their capacity to express themselves clearly or naturally or simply dwindles steadily until, when they are at length ready to enter business, it has been successfully and triumphantly destroyed.

When they write to you proposing to enter your employ you at once observe their armoury of insts. and ults. and proxes. Not that they have any knowledge of the meanings of these abbreviated words. They know only their significance for the present purpose—what they mean them to mean. You observe that "same" is used indiscriminately for "it," "this," "that," "these," "those," "they," "them," and that the naked use of these pronouns is laboriously avoided. You observe that you are "your good self," and that your applicant is "in receipt of your communication." And thus, the reasonable hope that successive advents of young generations, better instructed than their commercial fathers, might, in the course of things, diminish and eventually annihilate the pitiable jargon that they had inherited, is destroyed at the outset.

Abolish "business English" from commercial schools. There is no such thing as "business English," except in so far as it means bad English, any more than there is "sacred music" or "com-

mercial art." Speaking for myself, nobody that has the bad luck to say in his application that he has been to a commercial school ever gets a job from me.

Examining the business-man's letters, let us try to extract a creed from them:

1. In unimportant matters to employ the longest and most meaningless formalism: e.g., "We are in receipt of your valued favour of even date and in reply would state . . ."
2. In important matters to write telegraphically: e.g., "We beg herewith to enclose [unimportant] copy of letter [important]." (He might mean "a copy of a letter," "the copy of the letter," or "a copy of the letter.")
3. Always to use "yourselves" when "you" is meant. (Nearly all selves are good.)
4. To say "this a.m." for "this morning," but not to be a fool and say "this p.m." for "this afternoon."
5. To say "fifty per cent." for "half," or "fifty-fifty" for "halves."
6. To say "we wrote you" for "we wrote to you," but never to say "we talked you" or "we spoke you."
7. To say "let us quote you" for "may we send you the price?"
(A little Civil Service clerk to whom this expression meant what it said, and whose only title to the fame of quotation was that he wanted his furniture removed, might be elated at the compliment.)
8. All "impressions" to be rigorously "conveyed." (It is really a conjuring trick and very difficult.)
9. "Yes" and "no" to be banished from the vocabulary.
10. Simplicity, naturalness, humour, colloquialisms, to be unknown, and a pompous woodenness to prevail.
11. To "await the favour" of everybody's "esteemed commands" and otherwise to lick the boots of all indiscriminately.
12. To perpetuate the ancient, sniffy contempt of the non-business for the business world.

I keep in my office a museum of curious letters. Here is one from a house universally known: "With regard to the cracked red vase, the buyer has forwarded same to the Potteries, with a letter asking Mr. M. at the Potteries to give a report on same, so will communicate with you on receipt of his reply." I will believe the comma at the end to be what we call a typographical error. The second demands a prelude. My firm issued a series of calendars, and the Keeper of Prints at a famous Museum was so kind as to ask for a complete set for exhibition in his Collection. I "told the tale" in a personal, intimate letter to the director of an old firm known to every Londoner for generations. I said that an unusual compliment had befallen the little calendar we usually sent him, and, explaining what it was, ended: "Out of the nine hundred people we send these to every month we are telling half-a-dozen, hoping that among so few there may be none to condemn our brazen blushes." From the firm, not from my austere friend, came the following devastating reply: "We are in receipt of yours of the 16th instant, informing us of the unusual compliment," etc. I groaned, and was humbled.

Some business jargon undoubtedly had a perfectly respectable origin. "Let us quote you" was once "Let us quote you a rate," and the rate was, literally, quoted. Steamship companies and railway companies kept rate-books in use from which, when they received an inquiry, they quoted. Nowadays the merchant with anything to sell offers to "quote" you the lowest possible rate for your requirements, but since a quotation cannot have flexibility he really quotes nothing. In fact, he does the opposite. He originates.

Taking cognizance of this and that, he makes you up the best price he can. Following a good tradition, the tradesman prints at the head of his invoice, "Bought of J. Gumption," but he both writes and says that he bought something "off" So-and-so. This is becoming common. Some time ago the daily Press made the Prince of Wales say, in the course of an anecdote, that a man borrowed half a crown "off" a friend.

I recently sat on an important business committee that contained several educated men. It proposed to pass a condition beginning, "In the event of this contract being cancelled," when I gently moved for "contract's." No one understood me. Explanation only served to plunge the meeting in gloom. At length they gave me my way, but, when the draft was printed, I noticed that the phrase had been recast to dodge the apostrophe. If a pronoun had been the "subject" of the gerund none present would have hesitated for a moment about the possessive; and if no qualms for "its being," why qualms for "contract's being"? But I am afraid that business men and gerunds are not friends.

A familiar opening to a letter is "Further to ours of 18th inst." It is a contraction of "With further reference to ours," but to those not in the secret it must sound nonsense. I remember a little Cockney typist, always pathetically weary, who used to say when summoned by her principal's bell, "O, Gawd. Further two hours. Bye-bye."

The net result to the man that shall remain slave to the pitiable futilities of which the average business-letter is largely comprised is a loss of strength or of charm, a loss of the power to persuade, a loss of colour, character, individuality. Simplicity and naturalness are quite consonant with dignity, and make a more gracious effect, besides enabling the writer to say quickly and humanly what he means and, above all, to be himself.

A CALENDAR THAT SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED

BY L. F. EASTERBROOK

IF you were asked which were the wetter month, January or July, no doubt you would answer "July"; but more in anger than in accuracy. As it happens, however, you would be perfectly right. The average rainfall for January is 1.76 inches, compared with 2.17 achieved alike by July and June. "February Fill-Dyke" is equally false to tradition; the dykes would be very empty if they depended upon February to fill them, for, with the exception of April's average of 1.46 inches, February is drier than any other month, registering only an average of 1.54 inches.

The reason why I am so particularly well informed at the moment about all these facts is to be found in a weather calendar sent to me, with the best intentions I am sure, by a firm of "Maltsters and malt-roasters, barley and hop merchants" (what a line for a poem in the Masefield manner). On the whole I am sorry they sent it to me; the more I study it the more I feel that it is a calendar which, in England, should be immediately suppressed. If we are to wade to Lord's in trench boots in mid-July, we do at least have the consolation of thinking that something unusual is occurring and that our weather, in which we secretly take pride, is once more showing its independence, and not being the uninspired, docile thing it is in other countries. But now I know it is only doing what should be expected of it, showing no originality—"in faith unfaithful proving falsely true." May, for instance, I read, is usually the sunniest month, and August less sunny than May, June or July.

The fact is that we like to think of our weather (like everything else English, from plumbers to politicians) as an amateur—as something that has streaks of brilliance, but has never had the time or taken the trouble to settle down to anything steadily. Much as we may hate a deluge on midsummer's day, or a drought in mid-winter, we say deprecatingly, "Oh, this English weather," then rush off for an evening paper in the secret hope that it may be creating another record for queer behaviour. Now, alas! I know that however eccentric it may be it cannot beat its own average of eccentricity; the really queer thing would be if we had a wet February or a dry July; and then we should not notice it, for we should think it was normal. Only an Englishman can understand what this dead level of behaviour on the part of the weather would mean to the country if it became generally known. Imagine a dinner party at which one could not conscientiously open the conversation by saying, "What a July!" or, in the winter, "Wonderfully dry for the time of year, isn't it?" No one else is as proud of his weather as an Englishman. The foreign visitor who got up and left after his soup, because he thought he was in the wrong house and was accidentally attending the annual dinner of the Meteorological Society, had ample excuse, without a doubt.

It is another shock to find that Shoeburyness, where all the heavy gun practice is carried out, is the driest spot in Britain, with an average rainfall of 18.87 inches. At one stroke those Italian peasants who have guns for shooting down the rain are relegated to the sad category of mythical Russians and yarns about the Great Pyramid; while any consolation one might find in thinking of Seathwaite in Cumberland, where, in only a few hundred miles, the rainfall is hit up to the splendid average of 129.48 inches, is damped for the Londoner by discovering that London is the driest of all our big cities, with Cardiff and Glasgow the wettest, and Southampton and Sheffield about half way.

It is usual, I find, for the last fortnight of July to be rainy and the third week in November to be mild; for June to finish with a cold spell, and December to open with a warm one. Only eighteen calm days can be expected in a year, and these on the west coast; on the north coast the inhabitants will be wind-blown on every day except thirteen. A slight breeze (4-7 m.p.h.), I learn, rustles the leaves, a gentle breeze (8-12 m.p.h.) extends a flag; a gale (39-46 m.p.h.) damages trees, and a strong gale (47-54 m.p.h.) slates and chimney pots; while a whole gale (55-63 m.p.h.) uproots trees. What happens in a storm (64-75 m.p.h.) or in a hurricane (over 75 m.p.h.) has unfortunately defeated the imagination of the compiler of this disturbing record.

"Anyhow," you will say, "all this may be true, but I do know summers aren't what they used to be. Why, when we used to go to the sea as children . . ." Alas! even this hope is shattered. In the records of the last thirty-five years only nine of the summers have been dry or fine. The *genus homo* is by nature optimistic. It remembers the good things and forgets the bad. "My schooldays, my boy, were the happiest days of my life."

How diabolically does this terrible little sheet of figures strip to the bone our puny human hopes and our determination to be happy, and to believe things better than they are. To-morrow the skies will be cloudless—summers are usually fine—it is only for the moment that life does not quite seem to fit our ideal of it. . . . My washerwoman has just come to the door. "What a terrible July," I hear her say. "Oh awful!" answers the cook. Shall I dash out, with this calendar in my hand and tell them that only one summer in four is dry, that "the last fortnight in July is usually a rainy period"? No. I will leave them happy and optimistic in their dreams and their imaginings, and I will burn this fatal gift which the

"Come to England Movement" should never have allowed to be printed. Why should I lose my hope for the future and my favourite dinner-table gambit for the sake of a few silly words and figures on a piece of glazed paper? I believe in the English weather, and I believe that this calendar will put it on its mettle.

THE LAUGHERS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

A MOST absurd thing happened here to-day. We had what the maids would call "a fit of the giggles." Pop went the crust of custom and decorum and solemnity, and a fountain of laughter shot up into the air. I have not had one of these ridiculous fits of mirth for some time, and indeed have never been troubled by them in my adult life as I was when a small boy in chapel or school, but now and then—usually when some solemn ass of a visitor is present—they return or come up from the mysterious depths of being and I have to retire hastily, purple and rocking. Lamb, you remember, was troubled in this fashion at funerals. These daft moods are like an avalanche because they frequently begin with the tiniest fragment of the absurd, something too small to be remembered, perhaps, and then gather force in the most astonishing way. After a time, you do not laugh at anything, you just laugh and keep on laughing, helpless in the grip of some strange risible power. We began to-day in the hall just after tea, and the man from the coal merchant started it. He is the local representative and he wished to see us about an unusually large and complicated order we had just placed with the firm. As it happened, we both went out into the hall and talked to him. Now I have seen the man once or twice before and he had never struck me as being at all comical. He is a square man, with very red cheeks, a scrubby dark moustache, and round eyes that stare and stare all the time. He has an odd accent—with just a suggestion of Welsh in it—and his voice has a trick of rising steadily throughout a sentence and then suddenly dropping at the very end. Like most of the local people, he always addresses you by name after every remark, and he has the salesman's device of seeming to enjoy your name, giving it to you with a little smack of the lips, so that you feel that if you had any other name you would have to pay more for the stuff he is selling. He is one of your serious salesmen, who do not bother with little jokes but believe in the straight-talk-from-man-to-man method.

This, then, is the man who called to see us, and I do not think there is anything very comical about him. He may be a trifle absurd, but he is no Leslie Henson, and I meet men who seem funnier to me every other day or so and talk to them without ever having the least desire to laugh in their faces. Nor could you say that our conversation was amusing, because it was all about kitchen cobbles and best washed Stovesse and things called Ovoids, which sound like things that have to be cut out of old gentlemen but are in reality a kind of fuel. Yet in the middle of this talk, something inside me slipped and after that I was helpless. "You see, Mr. Priestley," said the man—he addressed us by name alternately—

"there's a lot of people round here been ordering coal through circulars, and then when they've got it, they've discovered it's all slack." It was at this moment that something slipped and I found myself beginning to laugh. Instantly then the man seemed very funny; everything about him, moustache, staring eyes, voice, solemn patter, suddenly appeared ridiculous. I moved away a few paces and pretended to stare very hard through the open doorway at the garden, leaving the other two to carry on the talk. When my face was tolerably straight, I turned round to join in again, but as soon as their eyes met mine, I began to splutter. I frowned at the opposite wall and called up every reserve of will in the vain attempt to be serious. The explosions of laughter inside were rapidly growing in force and volume, and I felt that in another moment I should burst.

"As I was saying, Mr. Priestley," I heard the man remark, "I told the manager when he came round yesterday that you were old customers and very close—"

"Ha-ha-ha!" I pealed at him. "Very close! Do you mean we're close customers? Ha-ha-ha!" I roared with laughter as if this were the finest joke in the world. At last I had some excuse, however wretched, for laughing.

He stared at me and then smiled feebly. "I told him you were close to the station—"

"Ah, yes. Close to the station. Ho-ho!" And away I went again, hoping that I should have soon laughed myself out.

"I said you were only about a mile away and that we'd have no trouble getting it up."

"Of course not," I spluttered. "No trouble getting it up." Then I walked away, opened the dining-room door and looked in, just as if I had known there had been something very amusing going on there for some time. But I was no better when I returned. Now I found that Mary had been infected, for I saw that her eyes were looking curiously moist and that her chin wanted to wobble as it always does when she laughs. She met my eye and then, of course, it was worse for both of us. By this time it was impossible for me to look at the man at all, and I had to tighten my jaw and stare very fiercely at nothing.

"Could you"—her voice was shaking with suppressed laughter—"could you get the two tons of Ovoids in all right?" And then she turned away and I saw her shoulders move ominously. It was clear that I should have to do something. "Yes," I put in. "What about those O-o-voids?" And off I went.

"Yes, that'll be all right," he replied. Then he suddenly began to chuckle. "I think you're having a bit of a game with me this afternoon."

"Not at all," we told him, spluttering away. "Something I've just remembered that's amusing me," I added, summoning the very last reserves of gravity, the old men and boys. "Now let's get this settled." I managed to bring this out, but no sooner had I done so than my last square was broken and gravity was flying in retreat. I burst into a roar of laughter; Mary joined me; and the man himself chuckled away for half a minute or so. Yet all the time we were anxious to talk about kitchen cobbles and best washed Stovesse and Ovoids, and for the next five minutes we did talk about them; but anybody who saw us

would have thought we were ordering a cart-load of false noses, two tons of bald wigs, and a cellarful of practical jokes, for the two of us spluttered and giggled and laughed outright and even the man from the coal merchant, sobered as he was by the thought of kitchen cobbles and washed anthracite, could not keep a straight face. Never were the matter and manner of a talk so piquantly at odds.

As soon as we had done with him, we reeled into the drawing-room and flung ourselves down. "Look!" cried one of us to the other, pointing to the window. There, helplessly rocking at the gate, was our man from the coal merchant, now as completely overcome as we were. We could not speak; peal after peal of laughter came from us; the tears streamed down our faces. It was just as if we had suddenly and unaccountably tapped some great subconscious lake of mirth, which sent laughter spouting up as a great new well sends up its oil. No mere joke could have moved us like this, except, if you will, the joke that there was no joke. At such moments it seems as if we have suddenly broken through the flimsy shell of gravity, and laugh and laugh because we see that everything in the world is ridiculous and can do nothing but rock and roll before the gigantic farce of life. And the mood is infectious simply because other people involuntarily break through the shell too and would seem to see the farce of things with us. I wonder what happened to the man from the coal merchant, who was so helpless with laughter when we last saw him. Did he return to his office, still laughing, and set all the others laughing too? Did the grimy fellows working in the trucks down at the station suddenly lean on their shovels and roar away, laughing they knew not why?

How odd it would be if someone set the whole country going! There may come a day when it will happen, when perhaps a Covent Garden porter will be found doubled with laughter early in the morning, and all his fellow porters will join in, then the clerks and managers will find themselves laughing, and soon all Covent Garden will be shaking and rocking. Imagine, then, the crazy mood flashing through the whole city, and people on buses, in taverns and teashops, in banks and warehouses, at directors' meetings, in prisons and law courts, the very High Court Judges, all roaring with laughter. In the House of Commons, the honourable member for Cinderheap has caught the Speaker's eye and has risen to prove that everything the Government has done is either absolutely right or absolutely wrong, when suddenly strange sounds are heard from outside, the noise of London laughing. There is a titter along the Front Benches, a guffaw from the Back; the Speaker finds himself giggling; the member for Cinderheap is dabbing his eyes; and then the whole House breaks into a shout of laughter. Meanwhile, next door, law lords are roaring, purple in the face, and bishops are rolling in their seats and slapping their knees, and the gentleman on the Woolsack is completely doubled up. Up in the Press Galleries, the reporters are aching to describe the scene at once but cannot because they have flung away pencils and paper in their ecstasies and cannot see for tears of laughter. That, I think, is a day we should all feel the better for seeing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him by the first post on Wednesday.

WHITE-WASH

SIR,—I have just read your article 'White-Wash.' Thank God there is one paper that has the courage of its convictions, strong enough to speak the truth, instead of the hysterical nonsense that one has had to put up with lately.

I am, etc.,
H. GREY

International Industries.
39-40 Victory House,
Leicester Square, W.C.2

SIR,—I really must tell you how delighted I am with your article on the popular Press. It is high time the castigation was administered. I consider that Press to be the very worst force in life to-day. Only this expresses it:

"A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land;

"The prophets prophesy falsely and the priests [public men] bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

I am, etc.,
"OBSERVER"

SIR,—Every thoughtful person—and journalists in particular—will cordially subscribe to your article under this heading in your issue of July 9. The disgraceful manner in which that wretched suicide was "boosted" was emphasized by the "honourable exceptions" you refer to. *The Times*, for instance, gave the incident its exact news value. It recalled a favourite saying, twenty-five years ago, of Alfred Harmsworth (afterwards Viscount Northcliffe): "I want the *Daily Mail* to be the half-penny *Times*, but not too much half-penny." But is the Penny Press, or will it ever be, "the guide and guardian of adolescent democracy"? I wonder!

I am, etc.,
"AN OLD CHIEF SUB"

SIR,—I was extremely interested in the article entitled 'White-Wash,' which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of July 9. It is, indeed, a momentous question as to what will eventually be the outcome of some of the trashy literature published in many of our penny papers to-day.

The leading columns are apparently given over to subjects which have a dramatic or demoralizing sequel so harmful to the younger generation.

If we older people can read such trash unaffectedly, surely we should take steps to protect our younger generation, who are forming their characters and their future, from the kind of literature which confronts them every day.

I am, etc.,
LAURA BRAMWELL
24 Parkfield Avenue, Bradford Moor,
Bradford

SIR,—In your article 'White-Wash' you have shown up an unhealthy journalism and a condition which calls for intervention and adjustment.

Publication in the Press of proceedings in our Divorce Courts has been suppressed. Cannot the Government step in and similarly treat the morbid and unsavoury details of murders, suicides and the like?

I am, etc.,
G. W. H. IAGO
Sussex House, Cedar Road,
Sutton

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—I have read with much interest, and more regret, the letter from "A Liverpudlian," on the New Universities. As a graduate of one of the older universities I have received the hospitality of one of the newer universities, and that a northern one, for a year of post-graduate research and work. This year followed, not immediately, upon my degree work, but was subsequent to six years' administrative experience. Much as I have appreciated the work of the past year, and grateful as I am to the newer universities, I am most acutely aware of the many problems confronting these institutions where scholarship is so far—for the students—an unattained ideal, not an established tradition, and where, in many cases, it is the responsibility of the students to keep the torch of true learning and sound thinking burning bright in a somewhat murky and material atmosphere. A "realistic attitude" to life is highly desirable, but a standard of values is not easy to acquire when one is quite so close to the struggle of an industrial city. We all know the value of true proportion and to stand without the conflict for a time is often the way to be more truly useful and helpful when the time for taking an active part shall come.

I cannot speak for the sciences. In arts the academic standard is certainly lower. I have been during this year in intimate contact with students, several of whom have just completed their honours courses and obtained first and second classes. And I am well aware of the disparity in the ground covered and the *reading done* between such courses and those taken in similar subjects at Oxford. This is no place to cross swords with your correspondent with reference to highly controversial and technical matter, but he must know well the real problems confronting non-resident students with small facilities for reading and a crowded lecture hall.

I may say that during three years' residence at Oxford and in subsequent experience of that university I have not been made aware of that "reactionary anti-feminism." On the other hand, I have always been appreciative of a high degree of courtesy and comradeship, in courses both frivolous and intellectual.

I write not to decry in any sense the work and the potentialities of the newer universities. I am, in fact, a member of one of these by adoption, and of a second by my profession. No one is more anxious than I am to see the newer universities have their rightful place in and render their due contribution to the life of the nation. But I am convinced that they will only achieve these ends by realizing their peculiar drawbacks and problems, of which there are many, and by bringing to solution of these, not only the energy and confidence of youth, which are glorious things, but also an appreciation of the experience and richness of the traditions of the past.

I venture, in closing, to ask "A Liverpudlian" if he has ever read Sir Walter Raleigh's letters from two northern universities?

I am, etc.,
NORAH C. CARTER,
M.A. (Oxon)

Byculla, Slough, Bucks

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Liverpudlian," appears to have missed the whole point of Professor Evans's letter, which was surely that it is high time the craze for creating new universities in provincial towns was stopped. It is, perhaps, a lamentable fact that we have to deplore the spread of universities. But it is so. Every year sees a flood of new graduates let loose upon the market, mainly of the teaching profession. It is well known that local education authorities are exploiting the position to use "cheap" labour, i.e., new blood at the foot of the Burnham scale. In consequence graduates of some years' stand-

ing find it extremely difficult to move from one post to another. Furthermore, while it may be useful for local purposes to have a university in Hull or in Nottingham, it undoubtedly puts a premium on education at the older universities which are bound to be "more select."

Perhaps another fact is that we are overdoing both secondary and university education in this country. If salaries are anything to go by we have really little use for it, and it would probably pay us to abolish school certificate education altogether, and also secondary education might well be replaced by an extended elementary system with an open door, as in Scotland, to the universities. In addition, university examinations require overhauling. The honours system ought to be a matter of merit rather than luck, as at present, and something like uniformity in standard as from one university to another, and from one year to another, is highly desirable.

I am, etc.,

W. A. GAULD

Taunton

WHAT DOES THE FARMER WANT?

SIR,—Mr. Easterbrook supposes me ignorant of the difference between a co-operative society and a joint stock company. I first joined a society in 1890, and am now a member of one. I have also formed a limited liability company.

He seems, however, not to be aware that a co-operative society needs capital. Co-operation is no panacea for all the ills of agriculture, and not a little disappointing. To Sir Horace Plunkett the initiation of the co-operative system in Ireland is due, and not to spontaneous efforts of producers, as Mr. Easterbrook supposes. He seems at length to have realized that casual instances of high wages in other countries are not illuminating, but also seems to think I have just discovered the obvious. He gave the instances, and I pointed out their irrelevance in my first letter, as I imagined he intended his readers to deduce something from them. If they meant nothing, no matter, but he persists in "trotting out" fresh tales of prosperity in divers parts, in his latest letter.

He apparently states with approval that "prosperous agriculture is the concern of everyone," yet quarrels with my view that the farmers, whom he reckons as seven per cent. of the population, are not the sole persons to formulate a policy for the 100 per cent., and to guide their feeble footsteps. Were he an ardent believer in the supreme wisdom of the British farmers, such an attitude, however unusual, would be understandable, but on the contrary, he seems to hold them in somewhat querulous contempt, and as lacking in qualities which producers in other countries are endowed with. This is perhaps not an unusual attitude, but farmers cannot hope for any but a carping and unfriendly reception to any suggestions they make from such persons.

I happen to fancy myself a Free Trade purist, and as such object to protection of labour against the home producer, which, it seems, Mr. Easterbrook approves of. Though objecting, I have no power to alter it, and, being a practical man, suggest it might be made more workable and possible if the logical corollary of protecting the products of that labour against competition by foreign grown labour products were added.

It is obvious that if the industry cannot pay the arbitrary wage, the community must find the necessary margin money to supplement their continued employment in the industry, or alternatively, to support the persons thrown out of work by its failure. He seems to think that if an out-of-work labourer is ineligible for the dole, the country is in some way better off. It is not the case, as he is eligible for the workhouse or out-door relief. His illustration of the farmers' attitude is singularly inapt. The supposititious "relations" are in fact largely responsible "for the

unsatisfactory state of his affairs." Mr. Easterbrook in fact reproves me later for having suggested that we can neglect agriculture when trade is booming, and says it is suffering because of neglect in such times.

I did not say we acted wisely in then neglecting it, and I daresay he is right. The "relations" acted unwisely then, and since have acted more unwisely; now they are beginning to see that the patient is at the last gasp, and they sit round the bedside, asking why he does not prescribe for himself, as they are anxious to save the cost of burying him and paying his debts, meanwhile telling him and each other what an ignorant obstinate man he is not to recover.

I am, etc.,

LEWIS D. NICHOLL

Laleston, Bridgend, Glamorgan

BACK NUMBERS

SIR,—I am enjoying thoroughly the articles in the SATURDAY ON 'Back Numbers.' A fault which most of them have is that they assume that the pendulum has swung away from the over-praise of the author's contemporaries, and just in case it has not swung far enough, the process is assisted by a vigorous and sometimes uncritical push.

For instance, Mrs. Browning's rhyme-deafness is alleged to be a "stale fact." This may be so, but the quotation given fails to prove it. We all know what perfect rhymes are—"glove" and "love," for example—yet it does not at all follow that the use of perfect rhymes are "glove" and "love," for "move," are proof of rhyme-deafness. It is quite evident that they are deliberately used by poets because the ear is pleased by the similarity falling short of complete identity and also because their presence varies the monotony of a succession of perfect rhymes.

It will hardly be suggested that Dryden and Coleridge were rhyme-deaf, yet the former writes:

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line.

And the latter:

A savage place! As holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted.

Pope, a perfect rhymester, wrote:

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that.

In the quotation given from Mrs. Browning the divergence in the spelling is apt to make the rhymes appear more dissimilar than they really are. But "noon" is as near to "sewn" as "state" is to "that."

I am, etc.,

THEODORE D. LOWE

West Kilbride.

CLEOPATRA'S NOSE

SIR,—What "everybody has heard" Mr. Belloc gets wrong, and it is rather strange that he should forget a French master of grave and temperate irony like Pascal. Pascal wrote:

Cleopatra's nose: had it been *shorter*, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered.

See the second section of the 'Thoughts,' No. 162.

I am, etc.,

V. R.

DEMOCRACY IN HISTORY

SIR,—

Mr. Lloyd George: "They are bringing democracy lower down the ladder than before."

A Voice: "Charles I did that and he lost his head."

History evidently is not studied in Brixton, at least not in Liberal circles. The dreary Whig stuff which was given to us in our childhood has surely been superseded in our schools by something nearer the facts.

By democracy, Mr. Lloyd George doubtless means

liberty—democracy does not exist and has not existed since the extinction of the little Greek City States. Apparently the people of Brixton, at least fifty years behind the times, imagine that the Parliament was fighting for liberty. They should consult the monument erected by Lord Carnarvon in the 'seventies to commemorate the first Battle of Newbury. It was set up "by those to whom the Majesty of the Crown and the Liberties of their Country are dear."

Even Mr. Hyndmann pointed out that the 1642-9 affair was a bourgeois revolution. Yet we used to be taught that Cromwell—a super-Mussolini—and the Long Parliament, against which Milton unsuccessfully directed his 'Areopagitica,' were fighting for liberty. And conversely the tolerant Charles II, restored by the unanimous voice of the people in 1660, who protected the Roman Catholics in Maryland and the Quakers in England, and his brother James, Penn's friend, who was driven out of England for proposing religious toleration—these two were fighting for chains and slavery.

As Bishop Stubbs said, if we could put our politicians through a course of history, we might not make them wiser, but at least we should make them sadder.

I am, etc.,

W. A. HIRST

AN ALTERNATIVE PRAYER BOOK

SIR,—Before the revision movement the Archbishop of York advocated the permissive, alternative use of King Edward the Sixth's First Prayer Book. It is believed by many, excluding extremists on either side, that this would have met the case and saved a lot of unnecessary labour and controversy.

The present Prayer Book explicitly declares that Edward's First Book "doth not contain in it any thing contrary to the Word of God, or to sound Doctrine"; and it has much that, to a very great extent, would satisfy the catholic-minded; at any rate until such time as there is formed and appointed a college of expert liturgiologists, which alone would be competent to undertake revision satisfactorily. Indeed, such a body of men is available now, and has been for many years; but, if not ignored, their services and great learning have never been adequately utilized. It is generally admitted by liturgical scholars that Edward's Book and the existing Prayer Book are a compromise and imperfect; can it be contended that the Deposited Book will be anything else? Nor, for that matter, is the Roman Liturgy perfect; see the pamphlet 'The Genius of the Roman Rite,' by the most learned Roman Catholic liturgiologist in England, Mr. Edmund Bishop.

I am, etc.,

A. G. SOWERSBY

Bridstow House, Ross, Herefordshire

'ANCIENT ROME AT WORK'

SIR,—I trust that you will allow me to correct in your columns an error made by your reviewer in criticizing my translation of 'Ancient Rome at Work.' He wrote, in your issue of July 2, which owing to holiday arrangements has only just come into my hands:

The translation by Mr. E. B. Wareing is in general quite satisfactory, but he should not have rendered *défendu* by "defended" (p. 173): it shakes confidence.

On reference to the original French (p. 220) I find the following (my italics):

Et comment n'eût-il pas gagné, alors qu'en dehors des ventes forcées, le partage illégal de l'*ager publicus*, les empiétements des riches sur le domaine de l'Etat, *domaine vainement défendu* par des magistrats, etc.

This I rendered:

(... were gaining ground without respite.) And how indeed could they fail to do so, when, apart from forced sales, the illegal partition of the *ager publicus* and the continual enclosure by the rich of State lands—*defended* in vain by magistrates, etc.

As the word "defended" is obviously the correct one in this context, I trust that confidence may now be regarded as restored.

I am, etc.,

E. B. WAREING

[Our Reviewer writes: Two competent French scholars agree with me in translating *défendu* in its juridical sense; but in any case Mr. Wareing's printed text, without italics, means by the rules and usage of English grammar that the partition and enclosure were defended by the magistrates.—ED. S.R.]

TENNIS OR LAWN TENNIS?

SIR,—Ready, aye, ready. I am prepared to meet Mr. Agate at tennis on any grass court in the country, and he may wear what he chooses. On the other hand I only play tennis for money, and Mr. Agate may not care to contaminate his amateur status by meeting me. Should he, however, have no scruples in the matter, the next move is plainly with Mr. Cochran.

I am, etc.,

IVOR BROWN

[Time, gentlemen, please.—ED. S.R.]

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Would any of your readers be kind enough to let me know the title, the author and the publisher of a good (a *very good*) study, or a collection, of English proverbs?

Milan

J. CHEFTEL

SIR,—I should be grateful if you could inform me who was the author of a sonnet beginning with the line:

When I behold thee, blameless Williamson
and what is the rest of the poem?

J. BARNES

SIR,—What is the origin of the tavern sign, 'The Pig and Whistle'?

HUGH SPENCER

THE THEATRE

SALUTE TO WILLIAM POEL

BY IVOR BROWN

When You See Me You Know Me. By Samuel Rowley. Produced by Mr. William Poel for the Elizabethan Stage Circle on July 10 at the Holborn Empire.

LAST Sunday, which was a day of exhausting heat, Mr. William Poel was the guest of Mr. Gulliver at the Holborn Empire. That cheerful hall is at intervals the scene of such serious visitations and I have watched upon a stage more commonly dedicate to jazz and jape examples of Greek tragedy, of Bernard Shaw, and even a long modern affair about Byzantium. Mr. Gulliver is to be congratulated on choosing Mr. Poel for his latest experiment and Mr. Poel on using hospitality with the desperate energy of youth when he might very well lay claim to a restful place in the shade. On that very tiring day Mr. Poel, I gather, entered the Holborn Empire early in the morning, directed the construction of a platform-stage on the exact model of Henslowe's scheme for the Fortune Theatre, rehearsed a raw company on that structure all through the afternoon, and then directed a performance at night. By the time it was all over, Mr. Poel should have been prostrate; I found him as full of life and argument as ever. He has the passion which enables him to smile at birthdays. He will be seventy-five next week, and in the name of this Review I offer him a respectful salute.

For a Saturday Reviewer to honour William Poel is to follow tradition. When G. B. S. was our critic he had much to vex his spirit; he passed from one Shake-

spearean production to another in which the text was mutilated, bowdlerized, or overlaid. His senses ached at the garishness, vulgarity, and imbecility of current bardolatry. But now and again would come evenings organized by the Elizabethan Stage Society at Gray's Inn Hall or at the Hall of the Inner Temple and then G. B. S. would be comforted. Even 'The Comedy of Errors' could delight him when Mr. Poel was in command. "I confess," he wrote, "to a condescending tolerance for Beaumont and Fletcher," yet Mr. Poel's production of 'The Coxcomb' richly entertained him. The righteous indignation which cracks its whip through the nine hundred pages of Dramatic Opinions is stayed for a moment. Cheerfulness breaks in when Mr. Poel is providing the matter in hand. Thus to appease the far-darter and send G. B. S. smiling into print was victory indeed. William had conquered.

Mr. Poel has contributed far more to modern stage-practice than is generally recognized and the better type of Shakespearean presentation to-day is simply Poel popularized without acknowledgments. He was mocked in the 'nineties for being austere, since the idea prevailed that Elizabethan drama could only be made tolerable if it had been beflagged and beribboned by a lavish modernism. Mr. Poel thought that the word would suffice, and went quietly about his job, giving more of the poet and less of the upholsterer. The managerial idea of music was to let loose Verdi in Verona; Mr. Poel, with the assistance of the Dolmetsch family, restored, as far as possible, the original modes. Of course, Mr. Poel's way was brighter than any garishness which the brighteners could invent. The proof lies with time. Do our Shakespearean producers of to-day, Mr. Casson, Mr. Bridges Adams, Mr. Atkins, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Monck, and the others, owe more to Mr. Poel or to Daly, Irving, and Tree? The conquests of William have been modified. But they are conquests. He has conditioned, though he has never controlled, our serious stage. Laurels and limelight seem to have passed him by; his reward is to have saved Shakespeare from stupidity. He could do that because he is the scholar-actor who knows the internal craft of the stage as well as the external lore of Elizabethanism. He always achieves a performance, never an essay in pedantry.

I cannot profess to understand why he chose Samuel Rowley's interlude about Henry VIII. To attempt to stage a Shakespearean play on his platform at the Holborn Empire would have been rash. He had a company which was largely weak and inexperienced and he could only rehearse them on the actual stage on the afternoon of the performance. To give a well-known and difficult piece would have been to invite unjust comparisons and so to discredit the method unfairly. Something simple and not too well known was desirable. Rowley's interlude (in which Henry VIII strolls about the town, plays tricks on the watch, fights a street-braggart, and mightily defends the Protestant faith) is certainly simple. Its humours are childish and its diction is featureless. The real hero, the young Prince Edward, has some rather charming scenes; but the Prince and King are the only characters that come to life. The rest might be a parade of masks hung on sticks. Mr. Lewis Shaw and Mr. Melville Cooper did well in the leading parts, while Mr. D. Clarke-Smith and Miss Margaret Scudamore gave lively aid.

But the importance of the evening was not diminished by the odd choice of a play. What mattered was the effect of a complete platform stage. The stage at the Fortune was so large that, if it is reproduced at the Holborn Empire, it uses all the floor-space up to the point where the dress-circle overhangs the ground-floor. The size of Mr. Poel's platform explained numerous things which seem silly or unintelligible about the plays of the time. Our modern habit is to add a small "apron" to the ordinary stage for Elizabethan performances; that is a compromise with

the original platform which diminishes certain difficulties without destroying them. It assists the delivery of the soliloquies and asides which, on a full platform, are spoken quite naturally to the surrounding audience. The "apron" also assists in a small way the general scheme of rhetoric and grandiose movement. Here again the full platform does more than assist; it entirely alters and recreates. It enables you to understand the processional values of the Elizabethan stage and the welcome which it gave to the invasive masque. It enables you, further, to realize directly the stage-tactics of the time in which actors were often visible to the audience without being visible to one another. The apron-stage opened the door of that cage in which Elizabethan drama had been pent up; the platform stage removes all the four walls of the prison.

The platform also offers a multiple stage. Mr. Poel had pavilions at each side of the platform; there was the raised stage for indoor scenes behind the platform, and on the gallery above it he could show *tableaux vivants*. Thus one could understand the plasticity and variety of the Elizabethan stage-method. There could be much and intricate movement since the platform was bigger than the stage of Drury Lane. There could also be a to-and-fro technique like that used by the kinema.

There should be somewhere in London a complete replica of the Fortune Theatre, under Mr. Poel's management. It need not have a fashionable address and the address is half the cost of a theatre. I offer no estimates, but only a suggestion. Let one of the many millionaires who read the SATURDAY REVIEW give Mr. Poel a theatre for his birthday. He has earned it with veteran service and he is more than young enough to enjoy it.

THE BOLSHEVIST BALLET

IT is customary with those fervent admirers who attribute to M. Diaghilev an almost papal degree of infallibility, to dismiss as a reactionary anyone who does not whole-heartedly applaud every product of his inspiration. But, even at the risk of being branded with that terrible word, I venture to say that 'Mercury' is the silliest piece of inane futility which it has ever been my misfortune to witness. Unlike most of the Russian Ballet's productions, which, with all their faults, have never failed to provoke interest or amusement of some kind, it aroused no feeling but regret that clever people should have sunk so low. If I am thought behind the times for holding such an opinion, I will add that this ballet is actually as out of date as the smartest frock of the Paris season of three years ago, when it was first given.

I heard it said in the foyer, with an indignation of which the subject was hardly worthy, that this was yet one more example of "Bolshevism" in art. The speaker was wrong, for 'Mercury' has nothing to do with Bolshevism. But the week before the Company had shown us for the first time a genuine example of Bolshevik art, Prokofieff's 'Le Pas d'Acier.' Even this is, I fancy, not the latest thing from Russia, for I believe that the style in which it is produced was at its height in Moscow four or five years ago. However, it is quite sufficiently up to date, and enabled us to judge the artistic ideas encouraged by the present rulers of Soviet Russia.

Their first concern was to do away in their productions with all realistic presentation, such as the methods of which Stanislavsky and Komisarjevsky are two well-known exponents, since these methods were the outcome of *bourgeois* ideas. The place of scenery was taken by "constructions" of wood or iron, the ordinary features of the scene, such as doors and windows, or chimneys and lamp-posts, being suggested by symbols. This manner, not to call it

mannerism, of production was developed by Mayerhold in his theatre at Moscow, of which a very interesting account, with illustrations, will be found in René Füllöp-Miller's 'The Mind and Face of Bolshevism' (which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue). I cannot, myself, see what essential point is gained by the use of these constructions, since either the symbols are unintelligible—especially, one would think, to the almost illiterate proletariat of Russia—as when a window is represented by a couple of crossed strips of wood, or they are sufficiently recognizable, like the factory-chimney and the lamp-post in the first scene of 'Le Pas d'Acier,' in which case they make the rest of the constructions look rather ridiculous. There is certainly very little beauty in the constructions as such, and their sole advantage, which consists in the possibility of massing groups of dancers on different planes, had been exploited in Germany and elsewhere long before Bolshevism had been heard of outside the limits of a small doctrinaire sect.

The good qualities of 'Le Pas d'Acier' are, indeed, similar to the good qualities in any other ballet—the skilful co-ordination of massed groups on the stage moving in rhythm with the music, and the invention of solo-dances, which are in this case of small importance compared with the *ensemble*. M. Massine has never before shown such skill in handling mass movement as he shows here. Some of the *ensemble* work in 'Les Facheux,' another recent ballet of his which is otherwise mediocre, showed this improvement in his choreography. But the second scene of 'Le Pas d'Acier' surpasses anything else he has done with a large *corps de ballet*. The final dances of 'The Three-cornered Hat' and 'The Good-humoured Ladies' are, by comparison, mere rough-and-tumble.

This new ballet was exceedingly well done. The movements are unusually exacting for the dancers, and, though absolute uniformity was not attained throughout, the standard of the *ensembles* was far higher than in most of the ballets given this season. Since the stern hand of M. Cecchetti, the unsurpassed creator of Kostchei, of the Showman in 'Petrushka,' and of the Shopkeeper in 'La Boutique Fantastique,' has been removed, the discipline of the *corps de ballet* seems to have deteriorated. Apart from one or two exceptional and outstanding dancers of the past, I do not believe that the principals are inferior to any we have seen before, although only a few, notably M. Woizikovsky and Mme. Sokolova, have real strength of personality. But the *ensembles*, especially in the older ballets, sometimes move one to tears. For instance, I have seen 'The Fire Bird' several times this season, yet never once have the Princesses made their bow to the Tsarevitch as one woman—and how beautiful that simple gesture used to be when the whole row of bodies inclined together! Yet I suppose we should be thankful for what we are given, for in this London of ours it is hard to know where to turn for an evening's intelligent amusement when M. Diaghilev and his company are delighting audiences in Paris or Monte Carlo, or are resting on the Lido.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—72

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best poem composed of twelve lines taken from different poets. Not every line need be by a different poet, but not fewer than six poets may be drawn from and not more than two consecutive lines from any one poem may be used. As an example of an opening couplet we give:

*Ye stately homes of England
Shall yet terrific burn.*

References must be given for each line. Poems need not be rhymed, but preference will be given to those that are, other things being equal.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best version of a letter from the Pride of Hoxton to his girl accounting for his defeat in two rounds by a Frenchman. It must be remembered that his style would be largely influenced by the sporting Press.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 72a, or LITERARY 72b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 25, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 70

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a dialogue, in not more than 450 words, between the Sun and the Moon on the subject of the uses of advertisement, as illustrated by the recent solar eclipse. It should be a dialogue, not a juxtaposition of soliloquies.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in the manner of Mr. Waley's translations from Chinese Poetry, introducing the line:

*It is sad to exchange a suburb for a province.
The poem should not exceed 20 lines in length.*

We have received the following report from Mr. Hartley, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. HARTLEY

70A. The entries to this competition maintained a high standard, and to award the second prize was not easy. The dialogues were for the most part conducted in an informal tone, and freely sprinkled with affectionate apostrophes. Among these were such terms as "partner," "dear," "old man," "old friend," "old thing," "Molly," "sire," "madam," "my dear girl," "my dear lady," "my dear Orb." One competitor made the sun call the moon "a dirty dead piece of cosmic flotsam." Another, no doubt thinking of the Man in the Moon, assumed that the moon itself was masculine. Nearly all the entries contained shrewd and just observations upon the nature and uses of advertisement. I was disappointed that no one tried to recapture the manner of Landor or used the Socratic method. Doris Elles's dialogue is much the best. It gets in more points than the others, and has besides a tart flavour all its own. The first prize is awarded to Doris Elles and the second, after much hesitation, to M. L., on account of her apt reference to the Biblical story. Gouvain, James Hall and Gordon Daviot all deserve honourable mention.

FIRST PRIZE

Sun (during the eclipse): I consider this affair unbecoming to both of us. I may go through with it, but pray don't expect me to make any advances.

Moon: Indeed, I do not. And I would apologize if only I could see—

Sun: You ought to have known that you can't go throwing your shadow about nowadays without people noticing. But, of course, you didn't think. So here we are. Putting It Over. Delivering the Goods. I hope you like it.

Moon: I don't think we should object to a little healthy notoriety.

Sun: Healthy notoriety! Really, I don't want to throw off any comets just now, but if you can't help me to simmer down a little, something will certainly go. Can't you see that we are being exploited as a Free Show for the Wrong Sort of Person?

Moon: I believe the Free Show to be one of the soundest forms of advertisement. When I am told that at this very moment countless intellects are focused—

Sun: Countless kettledrums! What good can it do us to be talked over and peered at by thousands of sensation-seekers? I should have thought you would have been the last planet to approve of gushing sentiment.

Moon: Hot-headed as ever, my poor sun. As you grow cooler you will become more tolerant. Believe me, I have seen more advertisement in my time than you dream of. In fact, I am told that my neuralgia is entirely due to strain caused by poring over cities at night. And yet you know the fields seem very dull in comparison.

Sun: Cosmos forbid that I should agree to anything dull. Possibly advertisement may be all right in its own orbit, but its interference in a private matter like this is offensive. On occasions too when it might be useful I have never even heard of it. For instance, do I get any advertisement for the work I do every day? We hear the planets around and about crying: "What can be done for the farmer?" No one notices the farm-work I do except when it's bad. When it's good it's always the energy and enterprise of the Government. I say, you might just tell me how my Corona's looking.

Moon: A little too crude for my taste, but quite up to standard, I imagine.

Sun: Be careful as you come over not to spoil my Bailly's Beads. You do roll so. Gently now or you'll ruin the whole thing. . . .

DORIS ELLES

SECOND PRIZE

The Sun (beaming at the Moon): Darkness reigns over the Ant-hill now. Did you notice the little Creatures crowding together just before I disappeared? It takes a Sun . . .

The Moon (sulkily): They might think more about me. You are nearly always eclipsed by Clouds, but it is Years since I last turned my dark side towards them. Joshua was more grateful than these new Ants. He allowed me my share of the credit, saying: "The Moon will stand still."

The Sun: Joshua was a Forerunner of the Ants of To-day. He understood the value of Advertisement. The trouble is that there are no many Joshuas now each striving to out-Joshua Joshua. It may comfort you to know that they have only cast their Lime-light on to me so that they themselves may creep into it to shout aloud: "I am a Prophet of the Stars." "I am a Leader of Ants," and "There is Money in this."

The Moon: I see when I shine the glimmer of Dew on the Hills. I see luminous Mists rising off the Rivers. I see Lights shining dimly in lonely Streets. But never, never have I seen that other Light. Why is it?

The Sun: It is a Light composed of Fame and Gold, and it is produced by Advertisement. It is a hard, clear Light, with no uncertain edges. When it shines upon the little Things it makes them feel like Giants, and the Producers, who invariably flash some of it upon themselves, rejoice in their turn. No Ant would dream of utilizing your elusive, sentimental Glamour, but they do like me to be put out, because my Light makes their Light seem insignificant.

Moon: What has become of my Poets, my Lovers, my Idealists? Do you mean that these new Ants care only for Wealth and Fame?

The Sun: Principally Wealth. Owing to the way that they have brought me blackened into the Lime-light, every Ant connected with the black Spot has come into it too. The tiny Ant-hill that I have darkened is famous. Ants who, but for the Lime-light, would have stayed in their Hiding Places, have crawled in their Thousands to see me extinguished. They have presented great Wealth to thousands who were doubtless more worthy to receive it. The Producers of the Light, flashing it upon me in the greatest Stunt of the Season, have become Giants, standing in Fame and Wealth through the increased circulations of their Newspapers.

The Moon: What are Newspapers?

The Sun (hurriedly): Oh! they are made of Rags. It's Time you were moving off. I want to dazzle them before the Rain comes on again. They can't stand my Light after their Lime-light.

M. L.

70B. Here again the difficulty of selection was considerable. The entries were few but their quality exceedingly good. Of H. C. M.'s two contributions we prefer 'A Tail of a Dog.' His 'Exile from City Life' is also good, but in the line

I hear the sound of water falling, falling,

the repetition of "falling" is a rhetorical device which I think Mr. Waley does not use. 'Spina Alba,' by T. E. Casson, has the right qualities of gravity and restraint; the second prize is awarded to him. Doris Elles again is an easy winner of the first prize. Her lines are full of fire and spirit, but between them there lurks the merest suspicion of parody, a parody not gross enough to impair the sincerity and beauty of the whole poem, but giving an agreeable after-taste. She is much to be congratulated on both her entries. Honourable mention goes to H. C. M., George Gamble, R. H. Pomfret, Major Brawn, and Michael Holland.

FIRST PRIZE

THOUGHTS OF HOME

The Tartar ox prefers the North wind,
The prawns from Yüan swim in the Southern pool.
I will go and lean on the gate and suffer
For it is sad to exchange a suburb for a province.
To whom can I tell the sad thoughts that I think?
My old Mother is long dead,
My bones stand out from my cheeks like bars of jade
And there is no one to catch the tears that fall on my feet.

Far off in the streets of Put'nai the young men pass gaily,
Making brave words in discussion of rare writings,
But here from strange trees the silkworms hang grieving,

The things that I meet are all new things
And I am blown along like a pod puffed by the wind.
The scholar's harp sings best at the first tuning,
The worm in the plant can couch but on one blossom,
In all the Nine Provinces there is no room for me;
Thinking of myself my voice chokes.

DORIS ELLES

SECOND PRIZE

SPINA ALBA

When Agricola passed northward,
Marching *per æstuaria*,
It is supposed that Tacitus means
The Ribble and Morecambe Bay,
Where is Spina Alba, the white thorn,
But where the Grampian Mountains are,
Is unknown to man,
At least to Professor Bury.
Had Agricola but stayed in Ostia,
By the yellow Tiber,
The estuary would not have been lost.
It is sad to exchange a suburb for a province,
And now, to my horror,
Having written a poem in the manner of Mr. Waley,
I recollect that the Mediterranean is not tidal.
Yet must I say, with Mr. Abercrombie,
"The fascination of the matter is irresistible";
For I myself know Spina Alba,
Where the white thorn blows,
I know where the shepherd tells his tale.

T. E. CASSON

BACK NUMBERS—XXXII

MRS. BROWNING, of whom I wrote here last week, was once summed up by the SATURDAY REVIEW as a sort of sublime development of "L. E. L."; and in truth it is difficult, when reading her, not to feel that she was akin to that writer and to Mrs. Hemans. Christina Rossetti was not merely greater than Mrs. Browning; she was of a different order. As this Review remarked the week after her death, she was alone among women poets in her artistic self-restraint. Her mastery of her own nature, her economy in the use of her resources, made her a poet of whom we may say that she was faultless. People have complained of her narrowness of range; but it was with perfect understanding of her personality and powers that she limited herself. Even her brother was not more careful to avoid going beyond his proper province.

* *

Likeness to D. G. R. must not be allowed to obscure the truth that Christina differed from him in being profoundly English. With at least as much sensuousness, she had none of his luxuriance. Her preference was for the simplest words, for the most natural constructions; for rhythms that seem to occur without contrivance. It is difficult to think of any poet who has used so many words of one syllable, so few words which would not be heard in ordinary conversation. With that simple vocabulary, and that astonishing directness of utterance, she achieved effects alike of passion and of airy grace. On the one side she was a child, familiar with a fairy world as only children are. 'Goblin Market' is not a thing made from without, with an artist's consciousness of making something wonderful; it is a thing made from within, without surprise at the strangeness of its material. The innumerable tiny lyrics for or about children sing with the authentic voice of childhood, and a trifle like those rhymes about the child who assured the ferryman that she not only had a penny in her pocket but her eyes were blue remains in the memory with the security of a nursery rhyme. On the other side, Christina Rossetti was a great religious poet, the greatest the modern world has held with the possible exception of the Verlaine of 'Sagesse.'

* *

The genius of Christina Rossetti has had ample recognition; what has less frequently been perceived is her historical importance. It was she, not her brother or William Morris, who first prevailed with the public. Presenting what is loosely but conveniently called Pre-Raphaelite poetry in its most attractive guise, and offering no opening for moral reproach, she won the battle of the group, though later on there was sensation and scandal and a fight over non-essentials. Yet she was somewhat slow in coming before the public. How early she had found her own note is evident in the pieces she contributed to the *Germ*; but she was nameless or pseudonymous, and as a mere matter of dates William Morris has priority with the 'Defence of Guenevere' volume. But the early Morris failed to win his way, and Christina Rossetti's success was instant.

* *

She would have succeeded in any period, for there could not be any dispute as to the genuineness of her singing voice. The wonder is that she did not become the victim of some pious coterie. Religious poetry is

an exceedingly dangerous thing. With Crashaw, with George Herbert, with Christina Rossetti, and she is the securest of the three, there is poetry written out of a vivid love of God, not merely with a moral intention, but for the most part religious poetry collapses into didacticism. Christina Rossetti was never more of a poet and artist than when she took religious subjects. But indeed it is foolish to say she took such subjects; they took her. With her intensity of feeling there was a great reticence. When she sang of sacred things, it was with a painful utterance of things she would keep secret. Her religion and her love were expressed not glibly but with anguish.

* *

When D. G. R. called his sister's 'Convent Threshold' a "masterpiece of ascetic passion" he used no exaggerated language. Only in Emily Brontë's finest lyric, 'The Prisoner,' has there been heard from a woman anything like the passion that aches in that poem. And in her more personal poems of love, of love suppressed or rejected, there is a kind of checked sob for which it is impossible to find a parallel in poetry. The writer, one feels, has been forced, against every inclination, to utter things long hidden in her heart, and there are moments when it seems an outrage to overhear her confession, which, however, is always made with perfect dignity, even in that self-pity which is apt to destroy dignity. Poetry more free from sentimentality has never been written.

* *

Christina Rossetti touched everything to poetry. When she condescended to mere play, the words which might have been no more than prattle for babies took on a strange colour and went to lovely, simple tunes. When she wrote frankly with a view to education, her art remained with her, winning her a public she never contemplated. To choose from among the works of so sure an artist is not easy. But if there is any one section of her work to be preferred to the rest, it is perhaps that in which she speaks, as with the voice of Ecclesiastes, of the brevity and vanity of life. The theme recurs monotonously in her work, bringing with it always a peculiar solemn beauty of speech; it affects us so much because to her it is always new, vanity of vanities being with her always a discovery.

* *

Like Francis Thompson, she brought every sort of splendour, all the gifts of the Magi, to the service of God; but, unlike him, she never allowed richness to become confusion. It is in the mingling of austerity with splendour that she reaches her highest achievement. There is discipline in her devotion, an earnest care for detail in the ritual, and nowhere will she permit herself to astonish us. Doubtless her work in bulk suffers from lack of variety, but there are very few poets from whom it would be harder to make selections. The successes are on different levels, but the failures are not to be found, and it is almost a matter of the reader's mood whether this poem be preferred to that.

STET.

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REVIEWS

THE BOLSHEVIST HERESY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Mind and Face of Bolshevism. By René Fülöp-Miller. Putnam. 21s.

THIS is probably the most useful, as it is certainly the most interesting, book on Bolshevism which has yet appeared in English. The problem with the Russian Revolution, as with every other national upheaval in history, is to estimate precisely how much its effects entered into the life of the people. History, dealing necessarily with events, finds it difficult to do this. It can tell us of the people to whom things happened, but it cannot easily make us realize how many there were to whom nothing happened. Most accounts of the French Revolution leave a vague impression of a whole country bathed in blood, where no man knew from one day to the next whether his head would be on his shoulders for another twenty-four hours. Carlyle reminds us, ineffectually for most of us, that young lovers walked together on the Quays in the height of the Terror.

How it has been in Russia we cannot yet say. We may take it for granted that many of the statistics commonly given of the operation of the Bolshevik Terror are wildly exaggerated: it is not in human nature that they should not be: it is equally certain that, even if we had indisputable figures of executions, massacres, deaths from famine and so forth, we should still be likely to form a misleading idea of the real condition of Russia during these years. We should have presented to us all the events in a sharp and agitating manner: we should still be left with but a hazy idea of the great general life of non-events.

Information, so likely to be untrustworthy in itself, and so likely, even were it utterly trustworthy, to create a false impression in our minds, is dull when it is not dangerous. Herr René Fülöp-Miller invites us to turn aside from the outward events of the Revolution and to consider what Bolshevism really is, what ends it pursues, what means towards these ends it has chosen and how near it has come to them. He offers to tell us, not how many deaths of the innocent have been compassed by the Cheka, but what doctrine, with what aims, made them possible. With this purpose he examines the basic philosophy of Bolshevism and then takes us through all its social manifestations, in the streets, the theatre, the school, the church and the house. I do not think that anyone, opponent or sympathizer or impartial observer, can read this book without obtaining a clearer view of the phenomenon which has already aroused his hate or his sympathy or his interest.

Herr Fülöp-Miller emphasizes again and again his view (it is a view already expressed by, among others, Mr. Maynard Keynes) that we shall most easily understand Bolshevism if we think of it as a religion. And, as I read his exposition of its fundamental ideas and of the strange extremes to which they have led its devotees, one religion in particular keeps presenting itself to my mind as an illuminating parallel. I mean the Albigensian heresy. I am not, I confess, acquainted with Albigensian apologetics—if any still survives—but I imagine that they had something logical and plausible to say for themselves. We cannot suppose that an entire population simply said, like an inverted Queen Victoria, "I will be bad."

What they did say, however, was something of which the rest of Europe could make nothing. It was as foreign in the general body of European thought as a tumour is foreign in healthy living tissue. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the cells of which the tumour is made up, they are perfectly good cells. But, growing as they do and where they do, the healthy tissue cannot tolerate them: either it

or they must perish. The Albigensian heresy was excised by a peculiarly bloody and cruel operation and, when it had gone, it left no enduring traces on the European mind. They were too far apart for one to have any real influence on one another.

When I speak of Bolshevism as a heresy in this sense, I do so with strict impartiality and with no intention of incitement to crusades or *auto da fés*. The word seems to me to express better than any I know that sense of "otherness" which comes over anyone who begins to grasp the root ideas of Leninism. For between Marx (though in Russia they put up gigantic statues of him, whiskers and all, as Mr. Wells observed) and what Lenin made of him there lies all the difference between theories constructed by a German theorist who liked constructing theories and religious affirmations pronounced by a Russian fanatic who wanted to remodel the world. There is the difference between a theory and a religion in the difference between Marx's conception of a change which the historic process would inevitably bring about and Lenin's of a change which must be effected by deliberate agitation and action. It is Leninism with which we are confronted in Russia, and a queer thing it is. Under one aspect, it is the brother and the opposite of Christianity, for, as Christianity holds that all men are ultimately equal because every man has an immortal soul, so Leninism holds that all men are equal because no man has an immortal soul. The important difference lies in this, that, if there is no immortal soul, then the equality must be made effective here and now, and any means towards this end is justified.

Accustomed as we are to being told that man is, like any other animal, an assemblage of water and various salts and no more, we do not at first recognize this as a doctrine very potent in action. But when we have that doctrine accepted in a spirit of religious fanaticism, it becomes a formidable engine, it becomes a creed based, not on eternity, but on time, and on a short time, too—therefore a creed which is in a violent hurry. From this root spring all the phenomena which Herr Fülöp-Miller so illuminatingly depicts for us, all the achievements of the Bolsheviks as well as all their crimes and absurdities. Lenin's declaration that illiteracy in Russia must cease to exist within ten years from the beginning of the Revolution, that is to say, in the present year, was characteristic. It was also ridiculous, but probably more has been done towards reducing illiteracy than if a more reasonable mark had been aimed at.

That may be reckoned on the credit side. Bolshevik art and literature are, however, clearly to be reckoned among liabilities. In the rush towards a new earth, it was assumed that the best way to bring them into line was to make them as much as possible unlike anything that had gone before. Some of the monuments illustrated in this book have a certain expressive grandeur: most of them are merely mechanically eccentric. There is no imagination, not even any genuine madness, in their novelty. The same may be said of the poetry Herr Fülöp-Miller quotes, and of the theatrical productions he describes and illustrates.

There it is—a heresy, a tumour. It may be one of those which in the course of time come to a head and then wither away spontaneously. It may be one which in the long run will require the use of the knife. There is no doubt that it may do harm to the body of modern civilization in which it happens to grow. But there is no reason to suppose that it will change the nature of that body, any more than a tumour can change the nature of a man's body. A Europe crippled by Bolshevism is not an impossibility, though in the present state of affairs it does not appear probable: a Bolshevik Europe is impossible. The Bolshevik creed at another time or in another place might work as well as many a religion before it, but unless Russia can separate herself from modern civilization altogether, it will not work there.

A FASCINATING FOOTMAN

Memoirs of an Eighteenth-century Footman.
John Macdonald. *Travels, 1745-1779.* With
an Introduction by John Beresford.
Routledge. 10s. 6d.

"HANDSOME MACDONALD" was "thrown when a child on the wide world" after the ruin of his family in the '45. His father fell at Culloden, and the orphans set off to mend their fortunes, as Scottish orphans have been known to do since, by undertaking a long tramp to a big town. His subsequent adventures, amorous and other, till he settled down as a married man at Toledo more than thirty years later, are narrated in this book, of which, prior to the present reprint, only the copy in the British Museum was known. It was worth reprinting. John Macdonald tells the story of his life simply and clearly, and with something of the natural poetry of unsophisticated observation. There are, too, variety, colour and romance. We meet Edinburgh hackney-coachmen, blind fiddlers, maid-servants, Scottish peers—and their wives and daughters—Oriental princes, "Ossian" Macpherson, and Sterne on his death-bed. The first editor of these 'Travels' justly noted their merits. "The following pages," he wrote, "the production of a candid, though uncultivated mind, show how much it is in the power of natural simplicity and good sense to make their way to the heart, without the lessons of the schools and the aid of artificial composition." "The simple strokes of truth and nature," he continues, "with which he paints the caprices, the vanities and vices of others, possess all the force of satire; and the attentive and enlightened reader finds a gratification in observing how objects strike a sound and sensible mind, free from all system and prejudice of education." Attentive and enlightened readers will doubtless hasten to read the book. They will find that the writer records with equal unconcern his own and others' peccadilloes, though he professes to be slightly shocked by the morals of Brussels. Really, by education or morals, in the narrow sense he is equally unprejudiced.

It is somewhat surprising that this book has had to wait a hundred and thirty years for its second edition. It was known to Lecky, and to William Sangster, the learned authority on the umbrella. In fact, but for his services in bringing about what Mr. Beresford calls "that peaceful revolution which ended in the substitution of the Umbrella for the Sword," we might have heard no more of the fascinating footman. The story of the umbrella is told in these Memoirs:

At this time [1775] there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses; where there was a large one hung in the hall, to hold over a lady or gentleman if it rained, between the door and their carriage. I was going to dine in Norfolk Street, one Sunday. It rained; my sister had hold of my arm; and I had the umbrella over our heads. In Tavistock Street we met so many young men, calling after us: "Frenchman! take care of your umbrella," "Frenchman, why do you not get a coach, Monsieur?" My sister was so much ashamed that she quitted my arm and ran on before, but I still took no notice, but answered in French or Spanish that I did not understand what they said. I went on so for three months, till they took no further notice of me, only "How do you do, Frenchman?" After this the foreigners, seeing me with my umbrella, one after another used theirs—then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London, and a very useful branch of business.

The most interesting story in the volume is of the death of Sterne, who was taken ill at a silk-bag shop in Old Bond Street:

He was sometimes called "Tristram Shandy," and sometimes "Yorick"—a very great favourite of the gentlemen's. One day my master had company to dinner who were speaking about him; the Duke of Roxburgh, the Earl of March,

the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and a Mr. James. "John," said my master, "go and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day." I went, returned, and said: "I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging; the mistress opened the door; I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said: 'Now it is come.' He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute."

Macdonald had twenty-seven different masters, and we are given character sketches of them all. Two only were men of note: Colonel Dow, who wrote about India, and "Ossian" Macpherson, who may have been, Mr. Beresford surmises, the first editor of these Memoirs. But it is Macdonald himself in whom we are chiefly interested. He was dangerously handsome, and must have been a very troublesome man to have about the house. If there was a woman in the place, mistress or servant, she was certain to become enamoured of him, or he of her. We may take his word for it that the consequences were unfortunate. The married came to shun his services and he found himself frequently forced to change his employer. He found it wisest to serve single gentlemen. His best resolutions brought him trouble because of the vindictiveness of frustrated females. Even if we heavily discount his version of events he must have been a remarkable man. We share his present editor's regret that we have no counter-description of him by one of his victims.

This "amiable weakness," as Mr. Beresford calls it, was not his only outstanding quality. He had sympathy as well as vanity, and social courage. He had, too, a reverence which made it natural for him to show respect for the different religious beliefs he met with in his travels in Europe, Asia and Africa. His abilities also must have been considerable. He seems to have taught himself to read and write and do accounts. He is employed at different times as valet, footman, hairdresser, postilion, groom. With six chickens and eight eggs he could make an excellent soup. As this book proves, he could write a fascinating account of his life and its adventures in a style sometimes happily laconic, which we may illustrate in a final quotation:

The first place we stopped at was Madeira. It was a fine place; but we stopped there but one day to take in wines; and set sail again. The purser died on the passage. Sometimes one died, and the burying was always before breakfast. At other times a man or boy would fall overboard and bury himself. A lieutenant going out passenger to India wanted to do the same; but was caught hold of by the legs, and stopped from that rash action, and taken care of. Something troubled his mind.

THE ANATOMY OF REVELRY

The Court Masque. By Enid Welsford.
Cambridge University Press. 25s.

MISS WELSFORD defines her book as "a study in the relationship between poetry and the revels." It is far more than that, since it includes a survey of mummery from the earliest ritual of the tribe and ends with an æsthetic philosophy which only persuades us that Miss Welsford is more happy in research than in reflection. Accordingly her book would be better if it were trimmed, ordered, and compressed; a study of the origins and aims of acting is one thing, and a study of the relationship between poetry and the revels is another. But, when this criticism has been made, we have only praise for the assiduity with which Miss Welsford has traced the history of a dramatic ceremonial which is distinct from drama and has considered its influence and its implications at a time when English drama was achieving its most enduring triumphs.

Anyone who is not an expert on Elizabethan and Jacobean affairs must be struck with a sharp astonishment when he reads Bacon's essay on 'Masques and Triumphs.' For we think of the Shakespearean stage as an austere place, and, though we know that some of its practitioners had their scenic and panoramic ambitions, we consider their achievement in terms of a pageantry which played with the grandiose rather than perfected it. Yet the grandeur of the contemporary masque was tremendous; it was a comprehensive assault upon the senses in which music, perfumes, poetry, dance, and spectacle were generously combined. The masque had no story, but it was "a piece for the occasion," hinged upon some event in court life and using Olympian or Arcadian symbolism to flatter and to celebrate. At the same time, it gave opportunity to the amateur dancers of the nobility to enjoy themselves in a courtly and consequential manner. Within its confines lay both the highest possibilities of ornamental ballet and "a rag" of the bright young people.

Miss Welsford discusses fully and clearly the conflict between the various partners who made the masque. The jealousy between Jonson, the great poet of the masque, and Inigo Jones, the great architect of the masque, is typical of an æsthetic conflict which is continual in the history of acting. Who shall rule—the maker of the word or the maker of the spectacle? Jonson was tired of turning out librettos for other men to adorn, and he complained that painting and carpentry were the soul of masque; moreover, Jonson wanted more history and less titivation. But Miss Welsford is perfectly right in her rebuke to Ben. "The masque, even at its best, was too light a structure to support a great weight of antiquarianism, and, if it failed of immediate appeal, the failure could not be excused by classical footnotes." Again, she sums up justly when she writes:

The fact is that, in their eagerness to exalt their respective arts, both Inigo and Ben forgot that the soul of the masque was neither poetry nor carpentry, but dancing. If, keeping that in mind, they had curbed their egoisms and together had sought to solve the problem of creating a harmony of the arts, perhaps the English masque might have reached greater heights and have lasted longer than it did.

Perhaps there never can be a perfect balance on the stage or a harmony in which sense, sound, and scene are happily compounded. Author, actor, and producer have been jostling each other since this art was founded, and in the history of the masque we have a fascinating phase of producer's sovereignty. "Producer" may be a modern term, but the masque must have its direction of movement as well as of design, and the man who schemed the great court spectacles was obviously of more importance than poor Ben Jonson, whose task was to turn out the suitable verses and then let the revels run over them. To all who are interested in the battle for power in the art of the theatre, Miss Welsford's extremely diligent study of the masque is to be recommended. Her relation of poetry to spectacle and of both to the dance is a first-rate contribution to the history of the drama, from which the masque derived a little and to which it contributed more. There are times when Miss Welsford conceives her task too broadly and overweights her book, but when she comes to her immediate task it is with the authority of deep research and complete scholarship.

A RECORD—AND A WARNING

My Working Life. By Lord Sydenham of Combe. Murray. 21s.

A SUCCESSFUL autobiography must be one of the hardest things in the world to write. Apart from

the technical difficulties, which are considerable, it is a task which most people will approach with a certain natural hesitation, since, as Lord Sydenham remarks in his preface, "no man knows himself." But in the modern literary world, he who hesitates is lost; we have no room for reticences and half measures; and it is partly for this reason, no doubt, that the number of good autobiographies in the language could be counted quite easily upon the fingers of one hand. The usual modern device is to take refuge in what are called "reminiscences," where the facts can be dealt with casually, and the greater part of the space devoted to humorous anecdotes. It is a device for which the reading public has good cause to be thankful—but it is not autobiography. 'My Reminiscences' is a title that often covers nothing more than an entertaining collection of more or less true stories. 'My Working Life'—Lord Sydenham's title—is quite a different proposition. It implies, and is meant to imply, a record of all the principal events in the career of a distinguished public servant; but it deliberately excludes his private life. It further implies—and again quite correctly—that the book will not contain a single joke. In fact it is much easier to write than an autobiography, but even more difficult to make readable.

The real importance of such a book lies in its value as a record. Here Lord Sydenham is a safe guide. All his life he has kept a diary, and he uses it discreetly and well. We get an interesting inner view of many public events with which he was connected, in Egypt, Australia, India and London. When his forecasts were correct he does not hesitate to "rub it in," but he is equally frank with us when they were wrong. He also kept a book of newspaper cuttings, with less happy results; for the chief defect of this work, from a literary point of view, is that it is overloaded with quotations from the author's correspondence and from his speeches in the House of Lords. Many of the letters, however, are of great interest—especially those exchanged with Lord Morley, who was Secretary of State for India when Lord Sydenham was Governor of Bombay. Intellectually the two men were as widely separated as the Poles, and it is curious to observe how during those difficult pre-war years, when the extremist agitation was at its height, they approached every problem from totally different points of view and yet managed to preserve a general working agreement. Lord Sydenham (or Sir George Clarke, as he then was) had made a speech condemning political outrages in plain terms and appealing for the support of the moderates. Thereupon Lord Morley

... read me an interesting lecture on the reticence of Cavour, who held that "events, not words, are the real teachers, guides and masters." Yet Cavour did not live in India, and he who waits on events in the East will learn his lesson too late.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the practical man. India, in Lord Sydenham's opinion, "will never again be so well ruled as before the passing of the Montagu Act." And even more decisively:

To the Secretary of State, the fear of trouble in or outside Parliament may be paramount. . . That "public opinion" can be manufactured in a country where knowledge of the conditions in a far distant land is possessed only by a little minority, became well understood by the Indian agitators, who have thus won notable successes. It is for this reason among others that modern democracies cannot rule Empires.

Nor is India Lord Sydenham's only source of anxiety. His views on Socialism and the Bolshevik menace are well known. "Since 1918 I have painfully watched developments which threaten disintegration" to the Empire "to which my life has been dedicated." It may well be that Lord Sydenham takes too gloomy a view—that he has fallen into the not uncommon

error of failing to make due allowance for the effects of war-weariness, or for the innate common sense of Englishmen. But his experiences have been so wide and varied, both at home and in the Colonies, both as a soldier and as an administrator, and he has been so often right in the past, that we cannot lightly disregard his warning now.

MR. MASEFIELD'S TRISTAN

Tristan and Isolt. A Play in Verse by John Masefield. Heinemann. 6s.

THE best that can be said of Mr. Masefield's new play is that it is likely to be more impressive on the stage than in the library; and this is but faint praise, for while it possesses admirable dramatic qualities—the characterization is broad and swift and the situations are cunningly contrived and manipulated—it bears singularly little trace of being the work of a poet. Mr. Masefield has chosen to cast his dialogue in a galloping measure of which the effect, whatever the aim, is an unbearable triviality; and he has made unnecessary changes in a famous story. In fine, he has attempted something which only success could justify; and he has not succeeded.

It has been shrewdly said that a writer may more easily rise to the height of his great moments than make the monotonous intervals significant; but here Mr. Masefield, whose literary life we had learned to regard as one purple patch after another, appears to have been intimidated by the obviousness of his opportunities. Checking his rhetorical impulses, aiming at a fine austerity of diction, he not seldom achieves mere triteness, and even, at times, banality. *Tristan*, about to sail with *Isolt*, whom he is taking to Cornwall that she may wed King Marc, his uncle, is made to say:

... after to-morrow,
I shall not see you. I shall not forget you, though.

What could be more clumsy than the juxtaposition of those two negatives; and what more ill-chosen at such a moment than that colloquial "though"? And by any standards the following lame conclusion to a scene full of dramatic possibilities (some of them cleverly realized) is plainly so inadequate as to be well-nigh ludicrous. King Marc, duped by *Tristan* and *Isolt*, has gone to his bridal bed, where *Brangwen*, impersonating the queen, awaits him in the darkness:

Tristan: It is a grim night for the girl: she was proud.
She shuddered.
Isolt: To-morrow will be grim for us: we may shudder.
Tristan: Would God
To-morrow night never dawn.

So far, all is well. But then:

Isolt: It may never dawn.
The world may end. Listen. The lovers are quiet.
Now, for to-night, we have each other, beloved.
Will you not take me, *Tristan*?

[Curtain]

Against this, however, must in fairness be set a speech which is at once simple, dignified, and noble—*Marc's* speech when he finds the lovers, a sword between them, sleeping in the woods:

Youth had to turn to youth, I was too old for her.
She is so beautiful, she would damn a saint.
I could strike them dead; many would strike them dead.
Killing them will not bring me quiet again.

These quotations could be matched by others equally bad, equally good: which means that as a poem this '*Tristan and Isolt*' must inevitably be rejected. Mr. Masefield would have us believe that *Isolt*, reinstated as a virtuous wife in the king's absence at the war,

spurns *Tristan* from the palace and orders him to be cruelly whipped. We do not believe it. He would further persuade us of the existence of a swineherd named *Hog*, with *Sowkin* for wife and *Pigling* for heir. This choice of names is mere burlesque, and the more to be regretted because there is some rich comedy in the characters themselves. The play does indeed help to provide psychological substance to a tale hitherto treated in an exclusively romantic manner; but its poetical blemishes are too numerous to make it acceptable as a supplement to *Malory*, *Swinburne*, or even *Matthew Arnold*.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

By the Clock of St. James's. By Percy Armytage. Murray. 18s.

MR. PERCY ARMYTAGE has been a Gentleman Usher at the Court of St. James's for a quarter of a century. During that time he has met many prominent people and acquired much useful knowledge. He combines a keen sense of humour with a retentive memory and is in many ways an ideal raconteur. Added to all this, he has a genuine enthusiasm for his profession. His most cherished memories centre round that historic Palace to the service of which he has devoted the most fruitful years of his life. "The Clock of St. James's," he writes, "has ticked away four hundred years of English history; to me its lovely old clock tower has always meant London, and on returning from abroad when I first catch sight of it I straightway feel I am at home."

London, indeed, appears always to have claimed the major share of Mr. Armytage's interests and affections. But, if one may hazard a guess, it is the London of an earlier generation that inspires his most ready loyalty. His interests are essentially conservative, and he accepts, rather than rejoices in, an age of concrete. Life took on an aspect at once more gracious and more leisurely in the days when Mr. Armytage was a boy. A stricter decorum prevailed and it was not difficult to distinguish a gentleman. People knew their place, and no lady was so ill-bred as to ride in a hansom or to appear unaccompanied in the public parks. Even the weather—or so Mr. Armytage seems to think—was characterized by a due regard for *les convenances*. "We always had snow at Christmas." Elsewhere Mr. Armytage records—not, we suspect, without a touch of complacency—that it was his own father who first set the fashion, which has since been widely followed, of smoking a cigar in a London street.

Mr. Armytage's avocations have brought him into personal contact with many Royal personages, and necessarily accounts of Court ceremonials, coronations and obsequies occupy a considerable space in the volume. The author, however, contrives to be exact without being dull—an achievement realized by few historians—and his description of the funeral of the late King Edward is moving by force of its very sincerity.

St. James's Palace has harboured some strange visitors in its time. Among them was a former Shah of Persia who, when at a luncheon party at Windsor, "ate cherries and calmly dropped the stones on the carpet":

Remarkably acute, he observed the other guests putting their stones on their plates, whereupon he began groping on the floor for those he had already discarded. It was an amusing sight to see a royal footman, who at first probably thought His Majesty had dropped one of his most famous jewels, pick the stones up and solemnly hand them to the Shah one by one on a salver.

Mr. Armytage's early memories range from Charles Kingsley, the novelist, to Mr. Gunter, famed

in the far-off Victorian days as a maker of ices. His book will be read with equal pleasure and profit, not only by those who are interested in the details of Court ceremonial—a relatively small number, we suspect—but by those who are interested in human nature. And human nature, it seems, is not excluded from the Court of St. James's.

DR. ARNOLD

Thomas Arnold. By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, 'Great English Churchmen' Series. Macmillan. 6s.

THE appearance of a biography of Dr. Arnold in the 'Great English Churchmen' Series would appear to need some justification. A great schoolmaster Arnold undoubtedly was, but, in reviewing his career, one is tempted to regard him as a pious rather than a "great" Churchman. He claims, however, our interest as a typical—perhaps the most typical—exponent of the Erastian spirit—that spirit of which it may be said that it made the English Church what it was. He was a Broad Churchman, with all the narrowness of outlook and insularity of thought of the Broad Churchman of that period. His theological position is admirably summed up in a letter to his friend, James Marshall:

... I am equally opposed to Popery, High Churchism, and the claims of the Scotch Presbyteries on the one hand; and to all the Independents and advocates of the Separation, as they call it, of Church and State, on the other. . . . And my fondness for Greek and German literature has made me very keenly alive to the mental defects of the Dissenters as a body; the characteristic faults of the English mind—narrowness of view, and a want of learning and a sound critical spirit—being exhibited to my mind in the Dissenters almost in caricature.

Something of that intellectual complacency which is so often allied to an entire absence of humour may be discussed in the above characteristic confession.

Arnold was a man of high principles and of strong prejudices. He was keenly concerned with broadening the basis of the National Church, but he could not bring himself to tolerate the Tractarians, while for the Middle Ages and all their works he evinced throughout his life a whole-hearted abhorrence. Even their virtues became vices under his contemptuous scrutiny. "If," he wrote to Julius Hare, "I were called upon to name what spirit of evil predominantly deserved the name of Anti-Christ, I should name the spirit of chivalry—the more detestable for the very guise of the 'Archangel ruined,' which has made it so seductive to the most generous spirits—but to me so hateful, because it is in direct opposition to the impartial justice of the Gospel, and its comprehensive feeling of equal brotherhood, and because it so fostered a sense of honour rather than a sense of duty." These surely are strange words from the headmaster of a public school.

Throughout his life Arnold remained a somewhat lonely man. Even at Rugby, where his most successful work was performed, he failed to establish any very direct contact with his pupils. "Occasionally," writes Dr. Campbell, "in his correspondence he gives vent to his disappointment at the results [of his labours] and to his horror at the depravity of which the youthful heart is capable. His intense moral seriousness rendered him unable to view the familiar expressions of the latter in light-hearted manner or to consider them tolerable." That "intense moral earnestness" is the keynote to Arnold's character. He exhibits the saddening spectacle of piety divorced from charm. The Victorian era produced no figure more praiseworthy and few less attractive.

Dr. Campbell's discreet and qualified eulogy will be

read with interest by those who desire a juster estimate of Arnold's life and character than is to be found in Mr. Lytton Strachey's sprightly but rather spiteful essay.

DUMAS

The Romances of Alexandre Dumas. 48 vols. Dent. 4s. 6d. each.

THE English publishers are to be congratulated on the completion of this edition, which, though it is printed in America from rather battered plates, and though it is not exhaustive, provides the lovers of Dumas with something better than they have hitherto had. It is a little strange, perhaps, that the devotees of an author so generally popular are not better served. He seems to call for a pocket edition, well printed on good paper. These are not pocket volumes. Their size is considerable, their weight is considerable even in proportion to their size. One would think twice or three times before putting this edition of the 'Viconte de Bragelonne' into one's suit-case for a holiday companion. But the bindings are both comely and, what is perhaps more important, stout. Buying Dumas in a delicate binding would be like blowing soap-bubbles to play tennis with.

The translation is not perfect, though in many respects (especially in its fullness) it is superior to that of most current versions. But Dumas is one of the French authors (Jules Verne is another) who are best read in "translator's English." So we first read him, and should we find him in other guise then something of the old remembered flavour would be lacking. The

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triumphant absurdity of his wildest flight seems to be suited by a certain gawkiness and stiltedness in the language. Besides, it is possible that "translator's English" gives the most faithful impression of the French of Dumas. It should be added that the introductions, though discreetly anonymous, are useful and the list of characters still more so.

It is rather a pity that so extensive an edition should not be quite complete. Where is 'The Countess of Salisbury' to which Dumas himself refers with pride as being the earliest (in historical period) of his long series of romances? It is of no use saying that this edition contains the best of his work. He wrote two outstanding books, 'The Count of Monte Cristo' and 'The Three Musketeers.' After these he declines a very short distance to a general level of excellence in which it cannot reasonably be said that one book is better than another, though some are better known than others. The reader of this edition will discover 'The She-Wolves of Machecoul' and 'The Companions of Jehu'—romances comparatively unknown but quite worthy of their author. He will find also that admirable "long-short" story, 'Monsieur de Chauvelin's Will,' with its indispensable addition to the portrait of Louis XV, found in other books and its terrifying account of the death of that monarch. These unexpected discoveries will probably whet his appetite for more. It would be convenient to have in this form not only the collection of historical crimes, which have perhaps been a little over-praised, but also the greatest romance Dumas ever wrote, the account of his own life, which has never been praised enough.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Folly's Handbook. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Cape. 7s. 6d.

O'Flaherty the Great. By John Cournos. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

Peter Lancelot. By John Gunther. Secker. 7s. 6d.

The Passionate Clowns. By Holt Marvell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. Murray. 7s. 6d.

RACHEL CHANDOS was a singer—a great one. Her Isolde took Covent Garden by storm. Even the critics had been surprised, an improper emotion, felt as a challenge to their self-respect. They were not prepared to have the public making opinions for itself; to most of them the admission of genius evidently seemed a threat to their function. Mrs. Chandos was solemnly told that hers was "not Wagner's Isolde," accused of "modernizing" the rôle, and by one critic, of "importing" into it a "subtlety destructive of the grandly simple lines" laid down by its creator.

So you see that Rachel was at once something more and something less than Isolde. She caused her lover's death, but it was death by suicide, death preluded by months of misery and dejection, a watery death lacking the solace of Wagnerian rhetoric and solemnity.

Miss Hamilton is an intelligent, able writer; an inventor of brisk, crisp dialogue that sometimes blossoms into brilliance, a shrewd assessor of motive, a penetrating judge of character. She is peculiarly apt at describing the minor dissatisfactions and grievances that ruffle people's lives; she depicts them in a chronic condition of complaint, nursing small grievances that find vent in exasperated speech. All the characters are intelligent and articulate—perhaps too intelligent and articulate: she may ascribe dull-wittedness to them, they may confess or boast of their own stupidity, but they are never stupid. They speak a living language. They continually react to each other and

towards life, so that the surface of the book is never tired and dead, but sparkles with a hundred facets. After saying this, it may seem hypercritical and paradoxical to complain that the defect of 'Folly's Handbook' lies in an adequate representation of the *feeling* of life. These artists and hostesses, these impresarios and critics and cultivated men, they come together, they talk well, they are sensitively aware of the good and bad points in each other, but they give ultimately the impression of having been foisted upon life rather than sprung from it; there is something mechanical, something synthetic in their make-up that all Miss Hamilton's intelligence is unable to disguise. They are like real people presented against an unreal background. We can believe in them, but not in the complex of indifferentiated emotion, tradition, and environment from which they spring. Miss Hamilton's work is best when most explicit. There is little to read between the lines.

Mr. Cournos, on the other hand, as becomes a romantic, is most credible when one stands a long way from his canvas. He has no tricks, no effects even, of verisimilitude; his characters, for instance, speak a jargon that was certainly never heard on land or sea. The hero, Seumas O'Flaherty, is a kind of saint whose real vocation was to be a kind of medieval minstrel. This, in a dim way, he realized; he wanted to spend his life travelling up and down Ireland and singing songs to whoever would listen. But he was false to his ideals and betrayed his nature by marrying a Vain Society Woman. Finally he vindicated his inner self by pushing Gemma over a cliff. This occurred in Capri, the scene of many extravagant actions. His friend Eric was so impressed by Seumas's determined renunciation of materialism that he also became an itinerant minstrel in Ireland and was shot "in the midst of a song. He was singing a hymn set to an old pagan tune." Perhaps the Irish disapproved of the combination; perhaps they disliked Eric's voice; at any rate he died. The story of 'O'Flaherty the Great' is therefore, *prima facie*, exceedingly improbable. The dialogue is more than improbable; in fact whenever it appeals to or draws upon the humdrum facts of life, the book seems childish and immature. But Mr. Cournos does succeed in investing these wayward children of his fancy with a kind of spiritual refulgence that lights them on their way and never quite deserts them. In this diffused glow they live and move and have an appropriate being, although it is a being of which all the outward signs are repugnant and often even false to common experience. But the continuity and coherence of the imaginative conception more than atones for frequent lapses from verisimilitude.

Allegories tend to be like the bird one tries to catch by putting a pinch of salt on its tail; we may have the salt or the bird, but we rarely have both together. Peter Lancelot was a young man whose shadowy preceptor, Mr. Dominy, granted him the fulfilment of every wish his mind and heart could devise. This concession came as the result of his pupil having wished to know what happened beyond a certain range of mountains. Adventures at once fell to the young man's lot—a medieval castle, a ferocious count, a beautiful lady whom the count wanted to make one in the succession of his many wives. Then, a fight, a departure, a new country with characteristics less definite than those of the castle whose hospitality he had abandoned, matrimony, children, the flight of time; the cursing of the Wish, the twenty-four hours' restoration of Isobel (the Count's intended wife) and lastly—. But it would be unfair to pursue Mr. Gunther's fable to its conclusion. Like all fables it has a moral, which is, that the promiscuous granting of wishes makes all volition of none effect:

The wish itself came once more to paralyse and dissipate his energy. And he remembered bitterly the days when his wish was a benison, when it gave him—he thought—everything in the world. . . . Now he knew better. His wish gave

him nothing. It did nothing except offer him everything, and thus paralyse his choice. By giving him every freedom it imprisoned him; by giving absolute rein to his will it inhibited his will, by tempting his desire it crippled his desire, pulverized it and granulated it, crushed and ground it to dust.

A very sound though not a very original conclusion. But Mr. Gunther is at his best when his originality is least aware of itself. 'Peter Lancelot' has a considerable quality of concrete imagination, a considerable narrative power, and it is an advance upon his earlier novel, 'The Red Pavilion.' It still exhibits a youthful, rather irritating desire to shock, and it is littered with mannerisms and tricks of style intended to impress the dazzled reader:

"I adore you," whispered Sardis afterwards, sucking a thick kiss like an oyster from his lips.

One can understand a thrill of pleasure at having discovered the simile; but surely Mr. Gunther's next step should have been to reject it.

It was to be expected that Miss Warner's 'Lolly Willows,' though unmarried (even to the Devil) should have a considerable progeny. Here is a member of the curious brood: Mr. Holt Marvell's 'The Passionate Clowns.' It is called the Story of a Modern Witch, and sets forth the history of fantastic and incredible happenings at a house called Pale Ponds Manor. Unfortunately, Mr. Marvell has divided his allegiance. He gives us a variation of Miss Warner's subject treated in the manner of Mr. Ronald Firbank. The witch masquerades as a butler; the guests at Pale Ponds Manor are very naughty indeed—very naughty, and for the most part, very tiresome. The atmosphere is so laden with essences and bath salts it is little more romantic than a scent shop. The fantasy depends overmuch upon absurdity; exaggeration takes the place of humour. Whenever Mr. Marvell seeks to obtain an effect by a delicate stroke, he falls into an abyss of preciosity and folly. What he has, and would have been wiser to rely upon, is a certain gift for rollicking, knock-about farce. As a farcical character, for instance, the Admiral is not at all to be despised; and the humorous passages are effective whenever they are sufficiently simple. Innocent fun is really Mr. Marvell's forte.

What can we say of 'The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes,' the positively last instalment (so Sir Arthur Conan Doyle threatens us) of that great man's adventures? We hope they are not the last. For one thing, it is a pleasure to read detective stories that turn on other events than murder; and, for another, we should be genuinely sorry to say good-bye to this latest Sherlock, who, though he now nods more often than he once did, and begins his cases better than he concludes them, still has something of his old fire, still casually mentions those as yet unrecorded memoirs of which we long to hear.

OTHER NOVELS

The Rim of the Bowl. By George Bickerstaff. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bickerstaff is a story-teller who is much more concerned with character than with incident. In this book he has presented us with a series of exceedingly minute and subtle character studies. The movement is slow, the incursions of dialogue infrequent, and each of the figures portrayed is subjected to a prolonged and somewhat ruthless examination. It is not that Mr. Bickerstaff is devoid of pity for his creations, or that he fails to recognize "the soul of goodness in things evil." But his method is rather that of a dissector than an interpreter. He is almost too coldly impersonal, and the general impression left on the mind of the reader is that of having been an involuntary spectator of the Day of Judgment. They are unhappy folk for the most part, these people of Mr. Bickerstaff's small world—Susan Sullivan with her great gift for friendship, her scrupulous conscientious-

ness and her secret addiction to drink; Millichamp, the baffled idealist; the Head Master of Bagborough, a harmless snob; Courtenay, the assistant master, whose whole life seems to have been a succession of futile blunders, and the rest. As a background the author has selected a small cathedral town in the provinces, and something of its cloistered calm and aloofness from modern life is reflected in the quiet, restrained, deliberate style of the book.

Young Anne. By Dorothy Whipple. Cape. 7s. 6d.

That youth is the period of happiness is a proposition that can be too easily assumed. Anne Pritchard, at least, did not find it so. The daughter of an unsympathetic hypochondriac and, later, the ward of an unspeakable great-aunt, she was subjected to a long series of disillusionments and rebuffs. And the revelation of the existence of moral evil, when it came to her, had a strangely disturbing effect upon her sensitive nature. Nor did marriage avail to solve her difficulties. Richard Soames was an ideal husband in many ways, but always at the back of Anne's life there was lurking the memory of George Yates, the man whom she had loved in her early girlhood. It is when George reappears upon the scene that Anne is forced to make the great decision. In the end we leave her wisely determined to idealize the real since the realization of the ideal has become impossible. It is a sombre story, but told with real sympathy and understanding and illuminated by many flashes of humour. If 'Young Anne' is a first novel the future career of its author will be watched with no small interest.

Queer Fellows. By Frederick Niven. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

We get far too little of Mr. Niven's work in these days, but what he gives us has still his old distinction



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of style with the added charm of a fresh scenery and a wider outlook on life. The story before us is based on some of his earlier experiences in British Columbia, when he travelled for some months in company with a couple of tramps, jumping trains and living on the country as they did. His new friends were men of character, and one of them had evidently been educated, but they had fallen victims to the lure of the open road, the desire of seeing new things. To such an extent had this feeling grown that Hank, the more puzzling of the two, actually decided to kill Mr. Niven one night in the interest of his happiness, rather than see him return to a conventional life which was not for him. The story of their adventures will be treasured by all who care for good writing and a feeling for wild nature.

The Cypress Chest. By Gerald Cumberland. The Richards Press. 6s.

Percival Boris Maxim, having returned from a six months' visit to Africa, and finding time hanging somewhat heavily on his hands, determines to open a cypress chest which he had purchased before he left England. He was hardly prepared for the contents, and the disappearance of the chest two days later added to his mystification. Having said so much, it is the duty of the reviewer discreetly to retire from any further explanation. It may be added, however, that apart from Maxim himself the principal protagonists in this thrilling mystery story—and the word "thrilling" is not misplaced—are a professional criminal, a learned Egyptologist and a very sinister butler. In narratives of this description a love interest is generally demanded: it has here been thoughtfully supplied.

SHORTER NOTICES

Europe in the Nineteenth Century, 1789—1914. By A. J. Grant and Harold Temperley. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

"THE AUTHORS," write Professor Grant and Dr. Temperley in their preface, "offer this book as their conception of how the main threads of the period cross and interweave with one another, and of how the tapestry was composed. Their view is cosmopolitan rather than national, political and cultural rather than military or religious. Ideas rather than events are the stuff of this history." Thus the narrative portion of their work is designed to illustrate the development of those theories of government which are reviewed in a subsequent portion of the work, rather than to provide a detailed account of the progress of events from year to year. This, however, must not be taken to imply that anything of really material importance has been left out; nor that any aspect of the story has been unduly exaggerated at the expense of other aspects. The account of the Bismarckian diplomacy is both interesting and informative, and is written in a remarkably impartial manner. Interest deepens when the narrative approaches the long series of events that led up to the outbreak of the world war, and, although Professor Grant accepts full responsibility for this portion of the work, it does not seem altogether fanciful to find every now and then traces of Dr. Temperley's guiding hand, more especially in the very useful and numerous footnotes.

One criticism remains to be made. The authors, indeed, seek to forestall it by stating in their preface that "they believe that what the public most needs at this time is sane direction as to the evils wrought by wars and sane suggestions as to how they might have been averted in the past. This bias, if bias it is, will at least be evident to the reader, and can therefore be guarded against in time." True: but does it come within the strict province of historians to "direct" the public as to what it should or should not believe in regard to the past? If complete impartiality in history is admitted to be impossible of achievement, should it not at least be the historian's object and care to strive for it?

Judicial Dramas. By Horace Wyndham. Fisher Unwin. 18s.

RECENT legislation has deprived the Divorce Court of much of what was euphemistically called its "human interest." Reports have become so brief and formal that it is a question whether any divorce case can ever again attain the dimensions of a *cause célèbre*. But this very starvation of a well-known public appetite suggests a new opening for the compilers of those popular collections of famous trials of the past, of which we seem to get an increasing number every year. For whatever may be the present state of the law, there can be no

legal objection to a rehash of a trial which has already been reported in full. Mr. Wyndham's book is, therefore, sure of a good reception, since six out of his twelve cases are matrimonial suits. They are not, however, his best efforts, and their comparative failure probably explains why divorce cases have so seldom figured in such compilations before. They do not wear well. Mr. Wyndham, in a flowery introduction, makes the startling assertion that "the bigamous Duchess of Kingston" is a "much more familiar figure to the average individual" than Florence Nightingale. He is absurdly wrong, of course. The "average individual" knows nothing of the bigamous Duchess, and Mr. Wyndham's own failure to breathe any romance or excitement into the cases of Lady Honyman, Lady Ellenborough and the rest explains why. His other cases make much better reading, and—with the exception of Lord Cardigan's famous trial after his duel on Wimbledon Common—are comparatively little known. Easily the best piece of writing in the book is the spirited dramatization of the career, trial and execution of Governor Wall, who, in January, 1802, was hanged outside Newgate gaol for having had an unfortunate soldier flogged to death in the West Indies, twenty years before.

The Life of Bishop Wilfrid by Eddius Stephanus. Edited by Bertram Colegrave. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

A POPULAR edition of this Life was badly needed. It is among the classics of English biography, and Wilfrid himself is the first of a great line of English missionaries and teachers. He was a great saint and the father of his flock, he more than any other brought the English Church into line with Western orthodoxy, and in return gave it a new standard of architecture, painting, and writing, but he never forgot that by birth he was a great noble and that his consecration as a bishop made him independent of the kings and princes round him. It is not strange, therefore, that his life was one long series of struggles with constituted authority, secular and ecclesiastical, the Roman Curia, where he was assured of support, alone excepted. The Life is written by a strong partisan, and its inaccuracy has been demonstrated, but its value is unquestionable. It gives us, in addition to its main object as an historical background, Merovingian Gaul at the end of the seventh century, with all the dangers of its roads and the apparent ease of internal communication. Wilfrid, on his journey to Rome, had a choice of routes, and on one occasion even took Frisia as his continental starting point. Mr. Colegrave's edition is completed by a free and elegant translation and excellent notes. Unfortunately, he has given us the text of the Life in a spelling which is neither that of the author, nor of the scribes of the manuscripts, nor of classical antiquity.

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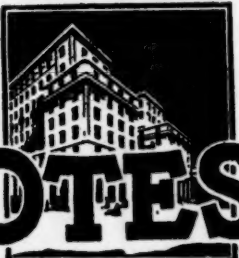
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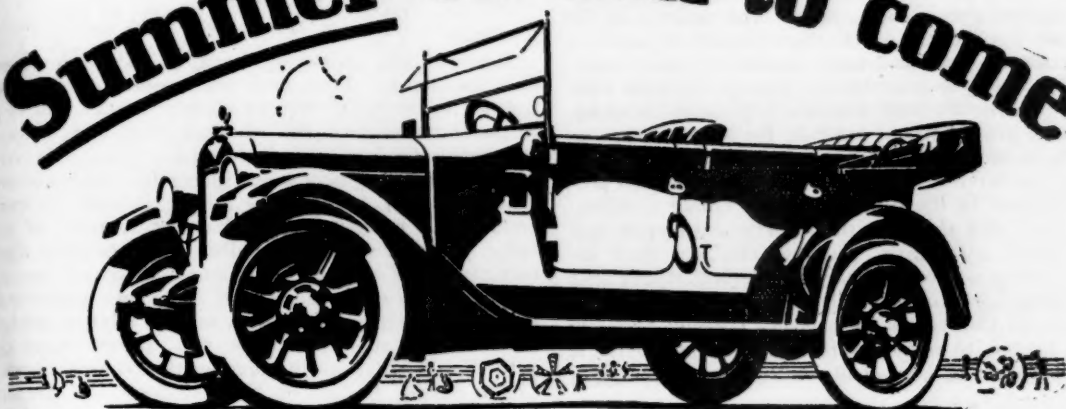
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

A YEAR ago the Stock Exchange received a rude reminder of the inevitable effects of the coal stoppage in the declaration of a dividend by the Courtauld Company which compared unfavourably with that of the previous year. The setback in the price of Courtaulds which then ensued heralded a depression in prices in a large number of other industrial concerns. A year having passed, we now have another interim dividend from the Courtauld Company, and it is gratifying to see that the distribution has been brought up to the previous level of 7½%. Just as last year Courtaulds were the first company to provide evidence of the disasters of the labour troubles, let us hope that this year the Courtauld directors will again prove trustworthy prophets and that their increased dividend heralds the trade revival throughout the country which we have all been so anxiously awaiting. As to Courtaulds themselves, I would certainly advise holders to retain their shares; in due course it seems probable that we shall see them well over £7.

BRYANT AND MAY

I have frequently referred to Bryant and May shares as a first-class investment. The shares have presented a feature this week, the news of their fusion of interest with the Swedish Match Company having caused a substantial rise. The opinion has been expressed that Bryant and May shares are high enough. I do not agree with this, as I think in due course the £1 shares of the new Company, which are to be allotted to Bryant and May shareholders in the ratio of 3½ new for one old, are likely to stand at a very satisfactory premium. I would advise holders of Bryant and Mays to retain their shares.

DUNLOPS

Another share, to which attention has frequently been drawn in the past, has been in demand of late—Dunlops. There is little doubt that the Company is making great progress and is doing an amazing business. One has only to travel on any of the main roads to see the enormous increase in motor traffic, and closer inspection will bring to light the fact that Dunlop tyres are not merely retaining their popularity but are apparently increasing it. Dunlop shares should certainly be over 40s. before the end of the year.

UNDERGROUNDS

The declaration of an interim dividend of 2% on the Underground £1 shares was none the less welcome because it had been very generally anticipated. At the opportune moment the Underground Company will redeem its notes, issued on such onerous terms, and replace them, probably, with a debenture at a great saving to the Company. This in itself will materially affect the dividend to be received on these Underground shares. Meanwhile, market opinion points to the fact that a final dividend of at least 3%, and possibly 4%, can be expected in due course.

BRITISH CELANESE

Information of a very satisfactory nature reaches me of the progress that is being made by the British Celanese Company, and there is little doubt that the silk manufactured by the Company's process is daily growing in popularity. British Celanese preference shares certainly appear an extremely attractive invest-

ment. I do not side with the over-optimistic, who believe that the arrears of dividend will be paid off in cash; I incline to the opinion that these arrears will be funded in some sort of certificate or note which will be paid off over a term of years. Meanwhile, I anticipate the preference shares will receive their correct dividend. Despite the rise that has taken place, I favour these preference shares.

KAFFIRS

Great efforts are being made to induce investors and speculators throughout the country to take an interest in the South African Mining Market. In view of the fact that those who are endeavouring to achieve this result have an extremely strong case, it is very probable that they may prove successful. It is claimed that the South African gold mining industry is more suitable for permanent investment than many of our home industrials, and that the yield obtained after making ample allowance for amortization of capital, based on the estimated life of the mines concerned, is much more generous and as safe as a large number of industrial shares. While not entirely agreeing with this, I incline to the opinion that shares such as Crown Mines, Geduld or New Modders are suitable as permanent investments. My attention has been drawn from Johannesburg to the shares of West Springs, and I am advised that these shares are an attractive mining investment possessing great speculative possibilities.

INVERESK

Shareholders in the International Pulp Company should accept the offer made to them by the Inveresk Company for their shares. The result will be that the Inveresk Company, who already hold all the ordinary shares of the International Pulp Company, will be the sole owners of that Company's property—the Koholyt Pulp Mills in Germany, which are considered to be the finest in the world. This will leave the Inveresk Company in a much stronger position in disposing of this very valuable property if they so desire. Inveresk shares have been inclined to be a dull market of late, and it is possible that the new shares to be issued to the International Pulp shareholders may be pressed for sale, in which event they should most certainly be picked up.

TEA SHARES

There has been decidedly more activity of late in the tea share market. The amount of business that is transacted in tea shares among a limited circle of investors is surprising. There are signs, however, of the interest being more widely spread within the next few months. The difficulty in the tea share market lies in the fact that at one moment tea shares are almost impossible to buy, while at another they are equally difficult to sell. In these circumstances the tea share market is obviously not one for the speculator who purchases shares for a quick rise. Another drawback in tea shares lies in the fact that the majority of them stand at a very high price. Those who wish to interest themselves in this market can with advantage select either the shares of the Consolidated Tea and Lands, which stand at over £35, or else, if they want a share in the shillings, Pandan £1 shares, which can be purchased in the neighbourhood of 16s. The latter Company, as is shown by the fact that the shares stand at a discount, has been through difficult times, but I am informed that it should have a very promising future.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £33,875,000. Total Income Exceeds £10,052,000
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 278

TWO SERPENTS, ONE AUSTRALIAN, ONE FOUND HERE;
THIS HARMLESS, BUT THE FORMER ALL MEN FEAR.

- 1. Fourscore and five he fell upon and slew.
(No need to say he was an ancient Jew!)
- 2. I strike out ribald phrases not a few.
- 3. Take all the letters, but annul the wager.
- 4. A great astronomer was that old stager.
- 5. From either pillar this you could elicit.
- 6. The antiquated seaman did not miss it.
- 7. Results when nothing's managed to our mind.
- 8. In Egypt quite a famous one you'll find.
- 9. We rarely see it, but it plucks us down.
- 10. Curtail me now a famous Kentish town.
"With heart of oak?" It may be,—or of box,
Secured, perhaps, by several bolts and locks.

Solution of Acrostic No. 276

P i Pkin
NE r O
N Ut
N emea N
Y ar D
W aterproo F
I nd Ow
S tilett O
E ssentia L
JA II
N icodemu S¹ 1 John xix, 39.
D elila H² 2 Judges xiii, 2; xvi, 18.

ACROSTIC No. 276.—The winner is Mr. J. Fatkin, Oakfield House, Rothwell Haigh, near Leeds, who has selected as his prize 'The Gorgon's Head and Other Literary Pieces,' by Sir James George Frazer, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on July 2 under the title of 'Savant and Stylist.' Thirty other competitors named this, thirty chose 'Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armadales, Baldersby, Mrs. J. Butler, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Dhualt, Reginald P. Eccles, C. Ellis, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Glamis, A. S. Gosset, H. C. M., Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Lilian, Madge, Margaret, Met, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Peter, Sisyphus, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Trike, C. J. Warden.

(Other results are held over till next week)

Company Meeting

LIPTON, LIMITED

SIR JOHN FERGUSON ON THE OUTLOOK

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Lipton, Ltd., was held on the 11th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Sir John Ferguson, K.B.E. (executive chairman), dealing with the balance-sheet presented, pointed out that the available assets, totalling £3,310,000, were approximately twice the amount of the company's current liabilities, which amounted to £1,664,000, so that, however disappointing the trading results had been, the company was certainly not embarrassed in its trading from a financial point of view.

Following last year's general meeting, the board decided to ask Sir William Plender, Bt., G.B.E., Sir Gilbert Garnsey, K.B.E., Sir Benjamin Johnson and Mr. M. J. Fitzgerald to consider with them various aspects of the company's trading position, its management and reorganization, and to give their recommendations thereon. Their report was received two months before at the close of the company's financial year, and the directors proceeded at once to put the recommendations into force. Sir Thomas Lipton, the founder of the business, whose whole life had been spent in the service of the company, had expressed a desire to be entirely relieved of all active management of the business, and he had accepted the office of life president and chairman—a position which it was hoped he would fill for many years.

Steps had been taken to ensure that the appearance of the company's shops, particularly the display and protection of food and everything connected with the personnel, was brought to a condition of excellence second to none in the multiple shop world. All their products were of excellent character and quality, and manufactured under the most hygienic conditions.

After some discussion the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

LOBITOS OILFIELDS

The NINETEENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Lobitos Oilfields, Limited, was held on the 7th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Forbes, P.C. (chairman of the Company), presided.

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen,—Before proceeding with the business for which this meeting is called I wish to refer to the loss which the Company has sustained through the death of Mr. H. W. Sillem. Mr. Sillem had been a director from the inception of the Company. His active interest in its affairs and his knowledge of the West Coast of South America were of great value to his colleagues. I am sure you will share our regret at the loss of our friend and colleague. I have to apologize for the absence to-day of Sir John Wimble, who, I regret to say, has been seriously ill. You will be glad to know, however, that he is now convalescent and on the road to recovery.

I propose, with your approval, to take the report and accounts as read. This is the nineteenth ordinary general meeting of the Company. During that long period we have made steady progress, and advanced from strength to strength. It may look on the face of it as if this year was an exception and that there was some retrogression. In most aspects this would be an incorrect view, but I will touch upon this in more detail later on.

Meantime, perhaps you will turn with me to the figures of the report. You will notice that sundry creditors are £372,132, and are up about £100,000. This is accounted for in part by fortuitous circumstances of dates of payments for supplies, etc., but in the main by the sum of about £153,000 payable to the Government on account of income-tax and corporation profits tax. The next item which calls for observation is the item of taxation reserve account, £50,000. Owing to adjustments which are in course of negotiation between the Company and the authorities, it is considered desirable to maintain this reserve.

On the other side of the account you will notice that property account has been raised from £141,000 to £164,000. This increase chiefly arises through disbursements in Colombia. Equipment account is the one to which most consideration has to be given. It will be noticed that it has increased during the year under review from £858,653 to £1,081,894. The account really represents the bulk of the enterprise. It comprises all that you can see above ground of the Company's undertaking—so much and so varied that no ordinary recital of the items would cover it.

Turning now to the profit and loss account, the amounts written off as depreciation have been already dealt with. Peruvian Government taxes increased in round figures from £133,000 to £159,000. This figure includes rental for our concessions, but consists in the main of production and export taxes. If import taxes upon our supplies be added, we paid in all to the Peruvian Government last year £191,000 sterling. The basis of settlement of production tax has been altered to the disadvantage of the Company. We have made every possible remonstrance, but I am afraid there is no remedy. It will be noticed that the amounts paid to the Governments of Great Britain and Peru form a very heavy burden upon the enterprise.

The profit from steamers was less than in the preceding year, because time charters at a comparatively high rate had run out, and charters during 1926 were at a lower rate of freight. During 1926 only three of the steamers worked the whole year, El Ciervo being acquired in July, 1926. In the circumstances the net profit of about £90,000 from the steamers was not unsatisfactory. During the present year it should increase.

The net result of the year's operations is a profit of £247,037 5s. 3d. Without trenching upon our usual custom of placing £50,000 to reserve account or diminishing the carry-forward it was not possible to recommend the payment of a bonus for the year 1926.

Gentlemen, I have now to move the formal resolution: "That the report and accounts and recommendations for the year ended December 31, 1926, as submitted to this meeting, be and they are hereby received and adopted, and that the final dividend of 25 per cent., less income-tax, be paid." I ask Mr. Williamson to second that resolution, and then, before I put it to the meeting, I shall be glad to offer any further explanation which it may be possible for me to give in answer to questions.

Mr. H. C. R. Williamson seconded the resolution, and, in the absence of questions or comment, it was at once put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

MOTORING

NEW PHANTOM ROLLS ROYCE

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

TO attain a high reputation is a difficult task, but to maintain it after having acquired it is even harder, and so of all the cars on the road to-day one can congratulate the makers of Rolls Royce carriages that they have achieved that end. This has been due to two or three causes, beginning, I believe, with the instruction school for owners and paid drivers which is run virtually at cost—without any profit—in order to ensure, first that the owners and their drivers should know something about the mechanism of the vehicle that they have bought and paid some thousands of pounds for, and secondly that they desire that Rolls Royce drivers should be courteous and learned in road lore, as well as efficient and skilled pilots.

* *

When I recently paid a visit to this Rolls Royce school of instruction near Epsom Downs I was very much impressed by the way in which the pupils were taught how to carry out the little details to keep the car running, but not to attempt to undertake any job that really required handling in a proper workshop. The afternoons of the fortnight's course were spent in teaching the drivers how to manipulate the mechanism as well as how to cultivate the best of road manners. Judging by what one sees on the road to-day of the many Rolls drivers, most of whom have doubtless passed through this school, the lessons taught there have been remembered, as one does not find too many paid drivers pushing New Phantom Rolls Royce

carriages into places where they should not be, nor attempting that sinful habit of cutting in.

* *

Though the New Phantom Rolls Royce carries the old title of the Silver Ghost in its denomination of 40-50 h.p., actually the latest model is 43.3 h.p. rating, with a total piston displacement for the six cylinders of 7,668 cubic centimetres. The cylinders are cast in two groups of three, with a one-piece detachable head, overhead valves operated by push rods, Rolls Royce battery ignition, controlled in synchronism with magneto by a Rolls Royce governing device and forced lubrication, with cooling by pump circulation, together with Rolls Royce automatic expanding carburettor—such are the engine details of this latest model. The clutch is a single plate one totally enclosed in a casing bolted to the crank case. It is a most excellent clutch, because it will stand a considerable amount of slipping, and never complain. Further, while a four-speed and a reverse gear-box with right-hand control is provided, most Rolls Royce drivers never seem to want to use the lower gears, owing to the flexibility of the engine, and, as I have said before, the good-natured excellence of the clutch, so start off on top if they are down hill at all and third speed if they are on the level road, leaving the lower gears for starting up on hills.

* *

Radiator shutters are fitted in front, and there is no doubt these are very helpful when starting up from cold in the morning, and, as they are controlled by means of a lever on the instrument board, while there is a thermometer to show the temperature of the water in the radiator, one does not require to be a Socrates to know when to give a little more cooling surface after the engine is warmed up properly.

Glyn, Mills & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1753)
(Registered with unlimited liability 1886)
incorporatingCHILD & CO. and HOLT & CO.
(Established before 1600) (Established 1809)

BANKERS

Army and Air Force Agents, Navy and Prize Agents.

Eighty-sixth Statement of Assets and Liabilities, 30th June, 1927.

Dr.	LIABILITIES	£	s.	d.		ASSETS	£	s.	d.
To Capital paid up	...	1,060,000	0	0		By Coin, Bank and Currency Notes and Balance at Bank of England	5,381,020	7	9
To Reserve Fund	...	530,000	0	0		By Balances with, and Cheques in course of Collection on, other Banks in the United Kingdom	1,302,424	14	10
To Current, Deposit and other Accounts	...	31,849	149	12	1	By Money at Call and at Short Notice	5,605,600	0	0
To Acceptances and Engagements on account of Customers	...	1,109,932	18	10		By Bills Discounted	1,222,074	1	0
To Reduction of the Bank Premises Account	...	187,410	5	4		By Investments—			
						British Government Securities			
						(Including £322,825 0s. 0d. deposited as Security for Public Accounts)	6,874,223	13	11
						Other Securities	628,797	5	7
							7,713,020	19	6
						By Advances to Customers and other Accounts	11,707,419	14	4
						By Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements as per contra	1,109,982	18	10
						By Bank and other Premises (Freehold)	695,000	0	0
							£34,736,542	16	3

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE AND REPORT.

We report that we have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of the Bank, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books.

KEMP, CHATTERIS, NICHOLS, SENDELL & Co.,
JACKSON PIXLEY & Co.,
11th July, 1927. Chartered Accountants.

J. B. S. TURNER,
Secretary.
11th July, 1927.

L. CURRIE,
H. A. LAWRENCE,
A. MAXWELL,
Managing Partners.

Every description of British and Overseas Banking and Exchange Business transacted. The Bank undertakes the office of Executor and Trustee.

Head Office - 67, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Childs Branch : : : : 3 & 4, WHITEHALL PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

1, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

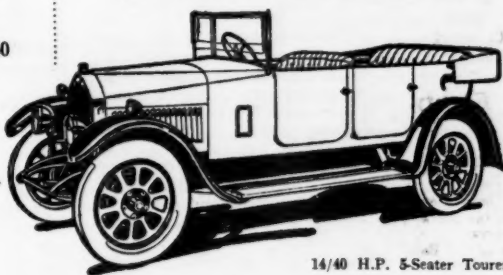
Humber

The Test of Experience

9/20 H.P. 2/3 Seater with Dickey Seat -	£267	7
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Tourer -	£267	7
9/20 H.P. 4-Seater Saloon -	£322	7
14/40 H.P. 2/3 Seater with Dickey Seat -	£460	
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater Tourer -	£460	
14/40 H.P. 5-Seater Saloon -	£575	
14/40 H.P. 3 Coupé with Dickey Seat	£575	
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater Tourer -	£620	
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater Saloon -	£835	
15/40 H.P. 5-Seater Landaulette	£835	
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-Seater Tourer	£725	
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5-Seater Saloon	£940	
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5/7-Seater Landaulette	£940	
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. 5/7-Seater Limousine on long wheel-base chassis	£1,050	

Dunlop Tyres Standard

"THE braking is smooth and powerful, with little muscular effort." So writes a motoring authority after thoroughly testing the Humber 14/40 H.P. 5-Seater. Continuing, he says, "It is a good climber: you could tour England in it without having to use a lower gear than third. There is power enough to get you up to over 50 miles an hour, but at no speed on any of the gears is there any vibration." The high standard of workmanship largely accounts for this. Humber cars, regardless of size or model, are all built to the same standard. Perfect machining and fitting of the best obtainable materials, in which quality is never sacrificed to price, are factors making Humber cars the best value in the long run.



14/40 H.P. 5-Seater Tourer

May we send you full particulars?

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY

LONDON:

West End Showrooms: Humber House, 94 New Bond Street, W.1

Export Branch Office: 32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1

Repair Works and Service Depot: Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6



COMPANY ANNOUNCEMENT

Underground Electric Railways Company of London, Ltd.

Notice is hereby given that an extraordinary general meeting of the holders of the 6 per cent. Income Bonds of the above-named Company secured by Trust Deed dated July 30, 1908, and supplemental deeds dated April 1, 1912, and June 29, 1914, of which the Westminster Bank, Ltd., are the present trustees, will be held at the Caxton Hall, in the City of Westminster, on Friday, the 5th day of August, 1927, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of considering, and, if thought fit, passing, with or without modification, as extraordinary resolutions binding on all the income bondholders pursuant to the provisions of the said Trust Deeds resolutions which will be submitted to the meeting to the following effect, namely:—

1. Sanctioning the arrangement with the Income Bondholders involved in the following proposals made by the Company and all modifications of the rights of the Income Bondholders and of the provisions of the said Trust Deeds involved therein namely:—

(a) The interest on the Income Bonds to be reduced as on and from the 1st July, 1927, from 6 per cent. per annum (free of British Income Tax) to 6 per cent. per annum (subject to such tax), payable for each half-year out of the profits of such half-year as at present.

(b) The Company shall be entitled to issue and re-issue additional $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. Bonds of 1933 ranking *pari passu* in all respects with the £1,832,400, such Bonds now outstanding and also to issue and re-issue new Bonds Debentures Debenture Stock or other securities of any description (either for the purpose of redeeming or providing for the redemption of the $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. Bonds or of raising additional monies for the purposes of the Company's business or both) to such an amount as the Company may think fit and to secure all such further $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. Bonds and new securities or any of them by mortgages or charges on all or any of the shares stocks securities and other assets for the time being mortgaged or charged to secure the Income Bonds and ranking in priority to such last-mentioned mortgages or charges provided that the aggregate principal amount (exclusive of any premium payable on redemption thereof) secured by all the $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. Bonds (including any additional $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. Bonds issued as aforesaid) and all new securities so issued and secured in priority to the Income Bonds as aforesaid and at any one time outstanding shall not exceed £1,832,400 plus a further sum equal to 70 per cent. of the value of any additional shares stocks securities or other assets (beyond those at present so mortgaged or charged) mortgaged or charged by the Company for securing the outstanding $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent. Bonds and/or any such new prior securities as aforesaid.

(c) Whenever any Income Bonds are exchanged for Ordinary Shares of the Company under the option to effect such exchange to be conferred upon the Income Bondholders as below mentioned or otherwise redeemed, the Company to be entitled to withdraw from the security for the Income Bonds, stocks, shares, securities or other assets to be selected by it, of a value bearing the same ratio to the value of the remainder thereof less the principal amount (including premiums, if any) of all securities charged thereon in priority to the Income Bonds that the nominal value of the Income Bonds so exchanged and surrendered or otherwise redeemed bears to the nominal value of the remaining Income Bonds.

(d) In consideration of the foregoing concessions by the Income Bondholders—

(i) Every Income Bondholder to be given the right or option, exercisable at any time before the 1st July, 1929, to exchange his Income Bonds or any of them into fully-paid Ordinary Shares of the Company at the rate of one fully-paid £1 Ordinary Share for every £1 2s. 0d. of the total principal amount in sterling of all the Income Bonds exchanged by him, any fraction of £1 2s. 0d. of such total principal sterling amount to be paid in cash.

(ii) The present right of the Company to redeem all or any of the Income Bonds at par at any time on six months' notice to be suspended until after the 30th June, 1929, and

if exercised thereafter and before the 1st July, 1937, to be exercisable only on the terms of redeeming such Bonds at a premium of 3 per cent. instead of par.

(e) The Share Capital of the Company to be increased by the creation of not less than 5,800,000 new £1 Ordinary Shares, and the necessary amount of such Ordinary Shares to meet the conversion rights of the Income Bondholders to be retained unissued until after the 30th June, 1929.

2. Authorizing and directing the Westminster Bank, Ltd., as Trustees for the Income Bondholders to concur with the Company in executing and doing all necessary supplemental trust deeds documents and things for giving effect to the foregoing proposals and rendering the same and all necessary ancillary provisions binding upon the Income Bondholders and to approve and sanction a draft Supplemental Trust Deed which will be submitted to the meeting and all modifications of the rights of the Income Bondholders and of the provisions of the existing Trust Deeds to be effected thereby.

3. Requiring all holders of Income Bonds, on notice being advertised by the Company, to produce their bonds and outstanding interest coupons to depositaries to be named in the notice, and permit a memorandum of the execution of any such Supplemental Deed as aforesaid and of the principal provisions thereof to be endorsed or enfaced thereon.

4. Generally making all necessary provisions for carrying the foregoing proposals into effect with or without modification.

Drafts of the full resolutions to be submitted at the meeting may be inspected or obtained and the last published annual accounts of the Company and of its associated companies may be inspected by any Income Bondholders on any day previous to the day of meeting during usual business hours at the under-mentioned offices of the following, namely:—

The Company, 55 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1.
The Westminster Bank, Ltd., 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2.
Speyer and Co., 24-26 Pine Street, New York City.
The New York Trust Company, 100 Broadway, New York City.
The Associate Cassa, Amsterdam,

at any of which places holders can also deposit their Bonds and obtain voting tickets entitling the Depositors to vote at the meeting either themselves or by their representatives to be named in such tickets without producing their Bonds at the Meeting.

Dated this 11th day of July, 1927.

By Order of the Board,
JNO. C. MITCHELL,
Secretary and Treasurer.

55 Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

STATEMENT

By the Board of Directors of the Underground Electric Railways Company of London Limited, on the proposals to be submitted to the meeting of the 6 per cent. Income Bondholders to be held on the 5th August, 1927

REASONS FOR PROPOSALS

1. The proposals embodied in the resolutions referred to in the Notice convening the above Meeting, the general nature of which is set out in such Notice, follow on the recent reorganization of the Company's share Capital, and are a further step towards placing the Company's capital on a wider and simpler basis, and substituting other securities, at a lower annual cost to the Company, for those now outstanding.

SUMMARY OF PROPOSALS

2. The immediate proposal deals only with the 6 per cent. Income Bonds. The interest on these Bonds is paid free of British Income Tax and the Bonds can be redeemed at the

option of the Company at par at any time on six months' notice. The Directors are advised that the financial position of the Company is such that they would be justified in taking steps to redeem these Bonds and to substitute securities bearing a lower rate of interest; they are, however, of opinion that the bondholders will welcome an opportunity to retain their interest in the Company, and the plan which is now submitted provides for this.

3. This plan may be summarized as follows:

(a) The interest on the Income Bonds to be 6 per cent. per annum, subject to British Income Tax, instead of free of that Tax; the interest for each half-year to be payable out of profits of that half-year as at present.

(b) The option of the Company to redeem the Bonds at par at any time on six months' notice to be modified, and the Bonds to be irredeemable until June 30, 1929, and between that date and June 30, 1937, to be only redeemable at 103 per cent., and thereafter at par.

(c) The Income Bondholders to have the right until June 30, 1929, to convert their Bonds into fully-paid £1 Ordinary Shares of the Company at the price of £1 2s. per share.

4. The scheme also makes provision for the issue of further 4½ per cent. Bonds or other securities ranking in priority to the Income Bonds on condition that further collateral is pledged to secure them. It is also provided that as the Income Bonds are converted or redeemed, a due proportion of the securities pledged as collateral for them shall be released.

FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE COMPANY

5. The income of the Company is mainly derived from dividends of its associated Companies. The principal of these are the Metropolitan District, London Electric, Central London, and City and South London Railway Companies, and the London General Omnibus Company, Limited, which provide the larger part of the passenger transport system of Greater London; and the Associated Equipment Company, Limited. This last-named Company has recently transferred its works from Walthamstow to a large new factory at Southall, which is equipped with every facility for the manufacture of commercial and motor bus chassis on a large scale; its operations are carried on in close association with the Daimler Company, Limited.

The Company is also interested in certain tramway and allied Companies, and in the North Metropolitan Electric Power Supply Company, which supplies electricity to a large and rapidly increasing population in the North of London.

EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

6. Since 1918, the associated Companies have expended out of their own resources upwards of £22,000,000 on Railway extensions, new rolling stock, a new and highly efficient fleet of omnibuses, new workshops equipped with the most up-to-date plant and machinery, and on various other improvements. This expenditure has enabled them not only to increase the area and extent of their operations, but to effect substantial economies in their working costs.

7. In 1926, notwithstanding the industrial disputes, which adversely affected the earnings of the associated Companies, the Company received sufficient income to enable it to pay a dividend of 1½ per cent. for the year on its Ordinary Shares. For the first six months of the current year its income has been sufficient to enable it to declare an interim dividend of 2 per cent. Further, if the present proposals are adopted, they will result in a substantial saving to the Company, estimated, at the present rate of British Income Tax, at £95,000 a year.

8. The Directors are confident that the future income of the Company should be sufficient not only to maintain, but to improve, the rate of dividend, and they therefore recommend the Income Bondholders to accept the proposals so as to be able, in due course, to avail themselves of the right which they will thus obtain to convert their Income Bonds into Ordinary Shares.

9. If the proposals are agreed to it will be necessary to convene an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company to sanction the increase in the Ordinary share capital in order to give effect to such proposals.

10. The Notice contains directions as to the steps to be taken by the Bondholders who wish to vote at the meeting.

ASHFIELD, Chairman

55 Broadway,
Westminster, London, S.W.1.
July 11, 1927.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED.

Head Office: 54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	-	£20,000,000
ISSUED & PAID UP CAPITAL	-	15,858,217
RESERVE FUND	-	10,250,000
DEPOSITS, etc. (30 June, 1927)	-	308,538,672

FREDERICK CRAUFURD GOODENOUGH, *Chairman*
SIR HERBERT HAMBLING, Bart., *Deputy Chairman*
WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE, *Vice-Chairman*

General Managers:
EDWIN FISHER.
F. W. GRIGGS.
H. T. MITCHELL.

Foreign General Manager:
W. O. STEVENSON.

Every description of British & Foreign Banking Business Transacted.

The Bank has over 1,900 Branches in England and Wales.

Executorships and Trusteeships undertaken.

Affiliated Banks:

BARCLAYS BANK (DOMINION COLONIAL AND OVERSEAS)

Head Office: 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

BARCLAYS BANK (FRANCE) LIMITED

Head Office: Paris.

THE BRITISH LINEN BANK. Head Office: Edinburgh.

THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER LIMITED.

Head Office: Manchester.

BARCLAYS BANK, S.A.I.,
Rome and Genoa.

APOLLINARIS AND JOHANNIS

The THIRTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Apollinaris and Johannis Ltd. was held on the 12th inst.

Mr. Alfred R. Holland (the Chairman) in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the past year had shown a slight contraction in the profits from £68,280 to £65,074. The period had been one of anxiety, consequently it was satisfactory that the profits had been so nearly maintained. An excellent start had been made in April last, but the company had been affected even more severely than other businesses of a similar nature by the General Strike, which broke out in May, 1926. The imported waters of the company had to be landed under Customs regulations within the prescribed dock area in the London district, and whilst the General Strike lasted it had not been possible to remove the company's goods from the docks. The coal strike, too, not only lost the company much of the ground previously gained, but its adverse effect persisted throughout the entire year. Banquets had been cancelled and dining-car services curtailed. That the company's results had still been comparatively good indicated that the trade was thoroughly sound, and under normal conditions continued progress would have been shown. The usual annual sums had been set aside for sinking fund purposes, and in the past four years £34,218 had been written off Debentures and interest certificates. After deduction of the annual sinking fund payments and income-tax items from the profits, a sum of about £70,000 was being carried forward; therefore any anxiety as to whether liabilities on the prior charges could be met was no longer acute.

During the opening months of the current year an improvement in the demand had been experienced. The company's prosperity was greatly dependent upon the general prosperity and favourable weather conditions, in neither of which had been enjoyed too great a share just recently. Nevertheless, a note of optimism could still be struck, all the more as the new enterprise in the "Presta" Sweetened Waters was making excellent progress. Over 3,000 accounts had now been opened for "Presta," and the results of the first year's "Presta" trading in sweetened waters, such as lemonade, tonic water, ginger ale, etc., had been very satisfactory. The entire advertising expenditure on "Presta" for the first year had also been written off.

The board had appointed Sir Courtauld Thomson to act as a director, and his name was accordingly submitted for ratification.

The election of Sir Courtauld Thomson was confirmed by the meeting, after the report and accounts had also been unanimously adopted.

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Company Meeting

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO Co., Ltd.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this company was held on the 11th inst. at 7 Millbank, S.W., for the purpose of making certain alterations in the memorandum and articles of association.

In the absence of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart., the chairman, Mr. Samuel Jordon Gillchrest, one of the deputy-chairmen of the company, presided.

The chairman stated that the reason for calling the meeting was that the directors had been advised by counsel that it was advisable to enlarge the scope of the memorandum.

The chairman went on to say that in 1902 all supplies were purchased from outside manufacturers, whereas to-day the company itself was interested in many companies which were manufacturing supplies, such as wrapping material, foil, paper, etc.

With regard to the new sub-paragraph B. 2, which read: "to permit the company to be registered or recognized in any foreign country or place," this alteration was merely to enable the company to carry out local requirements before the company could trade in any foreign country, and had not been inserted with any idea of moving the company's head office abroad.

With regard to the alteration of the articles, he stated that all the proposed alterations, with the exception of the increase of the number of directors, had merely been proposed with a view to bringing the articles up to date.

The chairman pointed out that there were eighteen original directors appointed in 1902, but that the activities of the company had enormously increased since then, and that the directors were strongly of the opinion that, in order to carry on the business of the company efficiently, the number of the directors should be increased.

Recently, out of sixteen working directors, thirteen were abroad on the company's business, and only three at home. He added that it was not the intention of the board, if the resolution were passed, immediately to appoint six additional directors, and the board should be in the position to appoint further directors as and when they thought it would be in the interests of the company to do so.

Both resolutions were passed unanimously. The company would petition the Court as soon as may be for permission to alter the memorandum.

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The Right Hon. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will take the Chair

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